CHILL TO "EXPERIMENT X" – INSIDE!

A POWER COMIC

POW!

No. 45
25th NOV. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d.

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.50 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 8c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

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ARE YOU COMFORTABLE? ARE YOU RELAXED? DO YOU HAVE TIME TO READ THIS WHOLE STORY THROUGH WITHOUT INTERRUPTION?! PLEASE DON'T START UNLESS YOUR ANSWER TO ALL THESE QUESTIONS IS *YES!* BECAUSE, THE ACTION STARTS RIGHT NOW... AND IT DOESN'T STOP TILL THE LAST PAGE! READY? OKAY... HERE COMES THE THRILLER OF A LIFETIME!

GOSH! IT LOOKS LIKE THOSE HOODS JUST ROBBED THE MIDTOWN BANK!

THE JOB WENT CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!

ONCE WE REACH THE GETAWAY CAR WE'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!

"SPIDER-MAN WASHED-UP" *READ THE DAILY BUGLE!* EDITORIAL ON THE SPIDER-MAN MYTH By: J. JONAH JAMESON.

THE SPIDER SIGNAL!

BUT, SUDDENLY... AN AWESOME LIGHT BEAM SHINES THROUGH THE DARKNESS, REVEALING...

AND, FROM ABOVE, A LEAN, HARD-MUSCLED, INCREDIBLY NIMBLE FIGURE HURTLES DOWNWARD TOWARDS THE STARTLED CROOKS!

IT... IT'S *SPIDER-MAN!*

BUT WE THOUGHT HE WAS OUT OF ACTION!

JAMESON'S NEWSPAPER HAS BEEN SAYING HE'S A *PHONY*.. A COWARD!

YOU *BELIEVE* IT, BOYS! BUT, JUST IMAGINE WHAT I COULD DO IF I *WASN'T* A PHONY COWARD!

QUICK! RUSH HIM!

NO NEED TO RUSH, FELLOWS! I'M NOT *GOING* ANYWHERE!

YES SIREE! THIS IS JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

IN FACT, THIS IS THE MOST FUN A LITTLE SPIDER-MAN CAN *HAVE* WITHOUT LAUGHING!

DON'T *CROWD* NOW! YOU'LL ALL GET YOUR TURN... I PROMISE!

SAY! I SEEM TO BE RUNNING OUT OF SPARRING PARTNERS!

HMM... I GUESS YOU'RE THE *LAST* OF 'EM! HOLD STILL, CUTIE... THIS'LL ONLY TAKE A SECOND!

DID YOU SEE *THAT??* SPIDER-MAN PULVERIZED THAT GANG BEFORE THEY KNEW WHAT WAS *HAPPENING!*

LUCKY NO ONE NOTICED THAT I WAS KEEPING WATCH BACK HERE! I'VE GOT TO WARN THE BOSS RIGHT AWAY!

HERE COME THE POLICE! *I* WON'T BE NEEDED ANY MORE! I'VE GOT *OTHER* THINGS TO ATTEND TO NOW!

IF ANYONE ASKS WHAT *HAPPENED* TO YOU GUYS, BE SURE TO SPELL MY *NAME* RIGHT! THERE'S A *HYPHEN* IN IT, REMEMBER!

THANKS FOR THE WORK-OUT! IT WAS A REAL *FUN* THING!

A SHORT TIME LATER, IN A LECTURE HALL, NOT FAR AWAY...

AND NOW FOR OUR FAMOUS GUEST SPEAKER, MR. J. JONAH JAMESON, PUBLISHER OF THE DAILY BUGLE!

HIS SUBJECT TODAY WILL BE: "HOW I PROVED THAT SPIDER-MAN IS A COWARDLY FRAUD!"

J.J.! I HEARD SOME DISTURBING NEWS!

AHHH, WHAT A *HAPPY* MOMENT!

NOT NOW, WORMLY! DON'T SPOIL MY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH!

BUT, SIR... IT'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD *KNOW!*

TELL ME LATER.. *AFTER* I DESTROY SPIDER-MAN'S IMAGE!

BUT IT CAN'T WAIT! IT'S *ABOUT* SPIDER-MAN!

IT *IS??*

THE WHOLE *TOWN'S* TALKING ABOUT IT! THERE WAS A GANG OF BANK ROBBERS, AND THEN SPIDER-MAN APPEARED, AND SINGLE-HANDED HE BZZZ BZZZ BZZZ...

MR. JAMESON... *WAIT!* IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO EXPOSE SPIDER-MAN! MR. JAMESON...!

WHERE'S HE *GOING*, MR. WORMLY? WHAT'S WRONG?

HE DOESN'T *FEEL* VERY WELL!

MOMENTS LATER, A WEARY, FLAMING, FLYING FIGURE SEES AN UNUSUAL SIGHT...
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR THAT WAS J. JONAH JAMESON HITTING A BRICK WALL!
IT CAN'T BE TRUE! IT CAN'T! NOT AGAIN! I CAN'T BE WRONG AGAIN!

WELL, I'VE NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT HIM NOW! I'VE GOT TO REACH HOME BEFORE MY FLAME DIES OUT! THAT LAST FIGHT I HAD ALL BUT EXHAUSTED ME!

BUT, AS THE HUMAN TORCH GLIDES TO A LANDING NEAR HIS HOME, AN ASBESTOS COVERED LASSO SNAKES OUT, AND...
GOT HIM!
WHA...? A LASSO!

GOOD THROW, MONTANA! BUT NOW, LET THE OX DRAG HIM IN!
IF HE'S BEEN FLYING A LONG DISTANCE, HE'LL BE TOO PLUMB TUCKERED OUT TO DO MUCH WITH THAT THAR FLAME OF HIS'N!
THE OX! MONTANA! YOU'RE TWO OF...THE ENFORCERS!

NOW AIN'T YOU A BRIGHT LI'L SHAVER, TORCH! WE... OX! LOOK OUT!
TIRED OR NOT, I CAN STILL TOSS OFF A FIREBALL OR TWO!
FANCY DAN! GET OVER HERE... HURRY!

ANSWERING THE OX'S CALL, THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE EVIL ENFORCERS RUSHES UP, CARRYING A CYLINDER FILLED WITH CHEMICAL FOAM...
YOU DIDN'T EXPECT US TO BE UNPREPARED FOR YOUR LITTLE TRICKS, DID YOU? THIS'LL PUT YOUR BLASTED FLAME OUT!

GOOD! THE FOAM MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO FLY... AND NOW I CAN DO THE REST!
OKAY, SANDMAN... HE'S ALL YOURS!

AND, WITHOUT HIS FIERY POWER, HE'S JUST ANOTHER PUNY TEEN-AGER THAT WE CAN HANDLE WITH EASE!
THERE! BY COVERING HIM WITH THE SANDY COMPOSITION OF MY OWN BODY, I CAN EXTINGUISH HIS REMAINING FLAME!

GOOD WORK, SANDMAN! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM NOW!
HE'S ONLY THE FIRST, OX! BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH, WE'LL FINISH OFF EVERY ACCURSED CRIME-FIGHTER IN THIS AREA!
HEY, BOSS! I GOT BIG NEWS FOR YOU!

IT'S SPIDER-MAN! HE'S BACK IN ACTION AGAIN! HE JUST COLLARED ROCK GIMPY'S WHOLE GANG!
QUIET, YOU FOOL! I DON'T WANT THE ENFORCERS TO HEAR! THEY ONLY JOINED FORCES WITH ME BECAUSE THEY FIGURED THEY WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SPIDER-MAN!
WHAT'S THAT?? WHAT'D Y'ALL SAY ABOUT SPIDER-MAN??

LATER, AT THEIR HIDEOUT...
THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG NOW! MIGHT AS WELL TELL 'EM!
I HEARD THAT HE'S BACK IN ACTION AGAIN! HE BUSTED UP SOME BANK ROBBERY GANG!
BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT! IF HE CROSSES OUR PATH, I'LL HANDLE HIM LIKE I DID BEFORE!
ANYWAY, IT'S TOO LATE FOR US TO BACK OUT NOW!

EVEN IF SPIDER-MAN IS ON THE LOOSE AGAIN, THE FOUR OF US OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO BEAT HIM EASY!
SURE! WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
LOOK HOW EASY WE CAUGHT THE TORCH! HE'S HELPLESS IN THAT GLASS CAGE NOW, WITH ONLY ENOUGH AIR TO SURVIVE FOR A WHILE!
OUR NEXT TASK IS TO LEARN MORE ABOUT SPIDER-MAN!

NOT A BAD NIGHT'S WORK! I SURE WISH I COULD HAVE SEEN J. J. JAMESON'S FACE WHEN HE HEARD THE NEWS! I'LL BET HE HIT THE CEILING!
BUT, EVEN AS THE ENFORCERS SPEAK, LITTLE DO THEY DREAM THAT THE ONE THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT IS SWINGING SWIFTLY THROUGH THE AIR, OVER THE ROOFTOPS OF THE CITY, ALMOST WITHIN SIGHT OF THE FEARSOME FOURSOME!

WELL, I'D BETTER BE GETTING HOME NOW BEFORE AUNT MAY STARTS MISSING ME!
I'M IN LUCK! SHE'S STILL SOUND ASLEEP! BOY, IT SURE IS A LOAD OFF MY MIND TO KNOW THAT SHE ISN'T DANGEROUSLY ILL ANY MORE!
WELL, I'D BETTER HIT THE SACK, TOO! TOMORROW'S GOING TO BE A BIG DAY FOR ME, AND I WANT TO BE IN TOP CONDITION!
CAN'T HAVE SPIDER-MAN FALLING ASLEEP DURING A FIGHT!
THEN, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...
OH, EXCUSE ME! I MUST BE IN THE WRONG PLACE! WHAT'S A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL DOING HERE IN MY AUNT MAY'S KITCHEN?
PETER PARKER! GET AWAY WITH YOU NOW! YOU KNOW WHO I AM!
IT DOES MY HEART GOOD TO SEE YOU IN SUCH A CHEERFUL MOOD, DEAR! I'VE BEEN A BIT WORRIED ABOUT YOU LATELY!
WELL, YOU JUST FORGET ALL ABOUT IT, AUNT MAY! THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT ME NOW! I PROMISE YOU THAT!
LATER, REACHING HIS HIGH SCHOOL BEFORE CLASS, PETER FINDS...
HOW ABOUT THAT?! NOW THAT SPIDER-MAN IS BACK IN ACTION, FLASH IS POPULAR AGAIN!
I WAS RIGHT ABOUT SPIDEY ALL THE TIME! I TOLD YOU HE'S THE GREATEST!
YOU SURE DID, FLASH!
WILL YOU BE STARTING YOUR SPIDEY FAN CLUB AGAIN?
SURE! I NEVER GAVE IT UP!
WELL, LIZ, I GUESS YOU'LL BE SINGING A DIFFERENT TUNE NOW, HUH? OL' SPIDEY'S BACK AGAIN, EVEN GREATER THAN EVER!
CONGRATULATIONS, MR. FLASH THOMPSON! BUT, UNLESS MY MEMORY FAILS ME, I THOUGHT YOU WERE MAD AT ME!*
* SEE OUR LAST ISH. — BART.
AWW, THAT'S OKAY, LIZ! I'M NOT MAD AT YOU ANY MORE! I FEEL TOO GOOD TO BE MAD AT ANYONE!
WELL, I DON'T FEEL THAT GOOD, SO I'M MAD AT YOU!
YOU ARE? BUT WHY? WHAT DID I DO??
YOU HAD THE UN-MITIGATED NERVE TO BE MAD AT ME! THAT'S WHAT! GOOD DAY TO YOU, MR. THOMPSON!
I'M NOT GOING TO SAY THAT FEMALE IS NUTS, BUT IF I WASN'T SO BATTY ABOUT HER, I'D HAVE MY DOUBTS!
DON'T LET IT GET YOU, FLASH! YOU CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL!
LOOK, PUNY PARKER... YOU BUTT OUT OF MY AFFAIRS, SEE? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, SNEAKING AROUND AND LISTENING IN ON PEOPLE'S CONVERSATIONS??!
WITH THAT FOG-HORN VOICE OF YOURS, I COULD HEAR YOU IN THE NEXT TOWN!
OH, YEAH? WELL, I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO LET YOU CHEW ON A SET OF KNUCKLES, YOU BOOKWORM PANTYWAIST!
I KNOW, I KNOW! I HEARD THE WHOLE ROUTINE BEFORE! I COULD RECITE IT BY HEART!
IT BURNS ME UP THAT SPIDER-MAN'S BIGGEST FAN HAS TO BE A WEAK-WITTED, MUSCLE-BOUND LAMEBRAIN LIKE HIM!
I WONDER WHAT HE'D DO IF HE EVER FOUND OUT WHO SPIDEY REALLY IS??
BUT THEN, AFTER SCHOOL HAS ENDED...
AT LAST! NOW I CAN BECOME SPIDER-MAN AGAIN AND...
SAY! WHY DID THAT MAN WHO PASSED BY MAKE MY SPIDER-SENSE TINGLE??
OF COURSE! I RECOGNIZE HIM! IT'S FANCY DAN, ONE OF THE ENFORCERS!
IF HE'S PARADING AROUND TOWN THAT WAY, HE MUST BE UP TO NO GOOD!

MINUTES LATER, AFTER A LIGHTNING CHANGE IN A DARK ALLEY...
WELL, DANIEL, MY LAD, OL' SPIDEY WILL JUST SEE WHERE YOU'RE HEADED FOR!

IF I STAY ON HIS TRAIL, HE MAY LEAD ME RIGHT TO THE OTHER ENFORCERS!

UH OH! I HEAR DOORS OPENING BEHIND ME... IT DOESN'T SOUND GOOD!
HEY, FANCY DAN... LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU... ON THE CEILING!
HUH?
IT'S SPIDER-MAN!

WELL, IF I WANTED ACTION, I SURE FOUND IT! I'VE STUMBLED INTO A WHOLE NEST OF CRIMINALS!
THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE!
HE WON'T GET AWAY FROM US THIS TIME, HEAR!!

GET HIM DON'T GIVE HIM TIME TO RECOVER!

SORRY, BOYS! WHATEVER FALLS DOWN CAN ALWAYS BOUNCE UP AGAIN... IF IT HAPPENS TO HAVE SPIDER SKILL!
AND WHATEVER BOUNCES UP CAN ALWAYS BE CORRALLED BY MONTANA'S LASSO!

AH'LL HOLD 'IM WHILE YALL GET SOME SPARRIN' PRACTICE, OX!
ONE PUNCH OUGHT TO DO... HEY! HOW'D HE ROLL AWAY SO EASY?!
I ATE MY CORN FLAKES THIS MORNING... WHAT ELSE?!

BOY! IT SURE FEELS GREAT TO BE BACK FOR FUN AND GAMES AGAIN!
JUST WAIT! WE'LL KNOCK SOME OF THAT CONFIDENCE OUT OF YOU!

WHY WAIT, BIG MOUTH! IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT, THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY!
C'MON, YOU GUYS! GIVE ME A HAND WITH HIM!

A HAND?? EVEN AN ELBOW AND A COUPLE OF SHOULDERS WOULDN'T HELP! HEY! LOOK OUT!
HAH! I THOUGHT THAT WOULD RATTLE YOU A LITTLE!

YOU WERE RIGHT, MEATHEAD! IT RATTLED ME... BUT JUST A LITTLE!
HE DONE CRACKED UP! NAOW HE'S SINGIN' SONGS! UNGHN!
ALL HAIL THE SPIDER! A HARDY BREED IS HE! TRA LA LA!

HEY! AMSCRAY, YOU GUYS! THE POLICE ARE COMING!
WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE?
EH, JUST A FRIENDLY LITTLE PARTY, OFFICER!

WHERE ARE ALL YOU PARTY POOPS RUNNING TO?? I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO ENJOY MYSELF!
DARN! THE ENFORCERS SLIPPED AWAY IN THE CONFUSION!

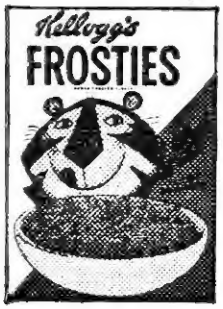
WELL, I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE MEET AGAIN... AND NEXT TIME IT'LL BE FOR REAL!
SPIDEY COULDN'T BE RIGHTER! AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE HIS FANTASTIC FLASH-BACK INTO ACTION — AS HE GOES TO THE RESCUE OF THE TORCH! THIS IS THE WONDER-WEAVING WEB-HEAD YOU LOVE — ALL YOURS! NEXT WEEK!! BE THERE!!

AHOY! DON'T MISS YOUR 'JET SPEEDBOAT'

ONLY 9'9D PLUS ONE PACKET TOP

- NEW FROM AMERICA
- ELECTRIC MOTOR
- QUICK-TO-ASSEMBLE KIT
- MOVING RUDDER
- POWERED BY HIGH-SPEED WATER JET

Cast off and steer for your favourite grocer's shop. You'll sight full details of how to get your 'Jet Speedboat' on the stern of each of these packets.



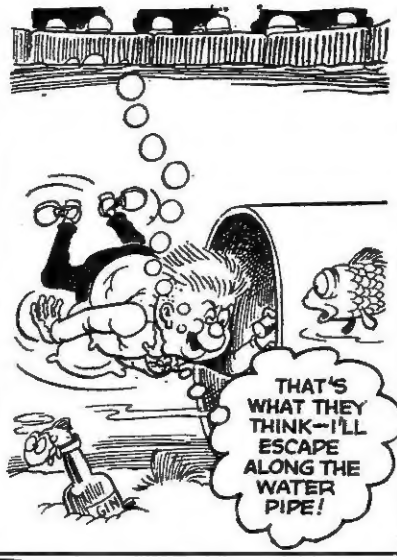
Kellogg's

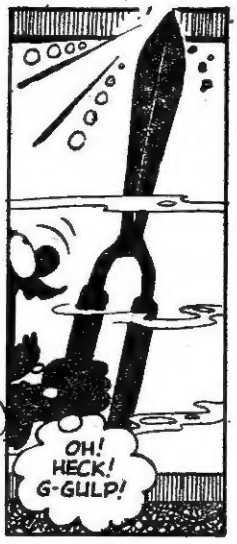
RICE KRISPIES • FROSTIES • CRISPY WHEAT • RAISIN BRAN

The Dolls of
St. Dominic's
THEIR SKIRTS HAVE BEEN FAR TOO SHORT FOR FAR TOO LONG! IT'S TIME THEY LOOKED DECENT—IF THAT'S POSSIBLE!
EEK! ME LUSCIOUS LIMBS! ME LOVELY LEGGIES! WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?
BOP
RAAA
OH, NO! STOP THIS AT ONCE— WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?
LULU WANTS HER LEGS STRETCHED SO THAT HER SKIRT WON'T LOOK SO LONG!
FLAP
FLAP
ZONK
COO! LULU'S SHOES HAVE COME OFF! MISS B. MAKES A NICE SOFT LANDING PAD— I KNEW WE'D FIND A USE FOR HER SOME DAY!
AAGH! THE BULK'S BULKED ME!
DOESN'T OLD FOSSIL-BONCE LOOK SWEET?
SHE CAN'T STOP US SHORTENING OUR SKIRTS NOW!
COO! SHE MAKES A SUPER TRAMPOLINE!
BOUNCE
LE-E-EAP!
THUNDER
CLIPPERTY CHOP! CLIPPERTY CHOP! CLIPPERTY CHOPPING ALONG!
CLIP!
CLIP!
AAGH! IT'S THEM— WHAT DO THEY WANT NOW!
CHARGE! ALBERT CAN CUT THEM FOR US!
YEAH! OR WE'LL— ER- 'CLIP' HIS EARS! HEH! HEH!
JUMP-P-P
ZOOOM!
COO! YOU'D THINK WE WANTED TO KISS HIM OR SOMETHING!
I DO! I DO! I... DO!
AAGH! HELP! I ONLY CUT HEDGES! LEAVE ME ALONE!
HURTLE
WAA-AAH! I DIDN'T KNOW ELEPHANTS COULD FLY!
AS MISS B. SAYS—ONE IS ALWAYS LEARNING!
AAGH! THE LITTLE TWERPS CHEATING— HE'S FIGHTING BACK!
GRR! HE'S BEEN ON THE VITAMIN PILLS AGAIN!
JAB
ONE SURE IS! HEH! HEH!

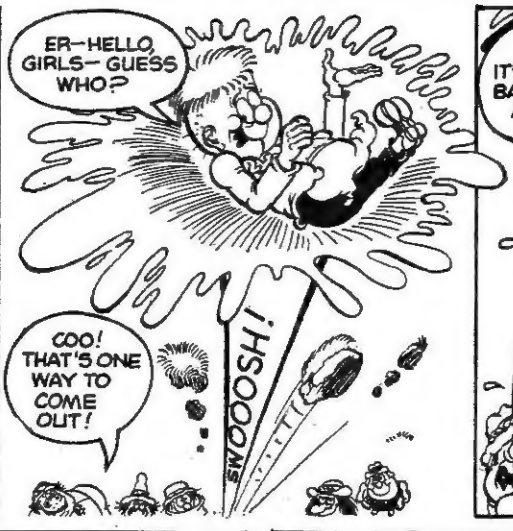
THE GOLDFISH POND! THIS IS 'SHEAR' LUCK! I'LL BE SAFE IN HERE— THEY WON'T COME AFTER ME IN CASE THEY SPOIL THEIR HAIRSTYLES!

HE'S GOT TO COME UP FOR AIR SOMETIME!
THEN WE'LL GET THE LITTLE TWERP!


THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK—I'LL ESCAPE ALONG THE WATER PIPE!


OH! HECK! G-GULP!

COO! WHAT GOES ON DOWN THERE?
WHOOSH! RUMBLE!


ER—HELLO, GIRLS— GUESS WHO?
COO! THAT'S ONE WAY TO COME OUT!
SWOOSH!

AAGH! IT'S COMING BACK DOWN AGAIN!
YES! AND IT'S GOING TO HIT US— HE'LL RUIN OUR HAIR!
MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

SPLOSH

HEH! HEH! THEY WON'T BOTHER ME, NOW— THEY'LL ALL BE OFF TO PUT THEIR CURLERS IN!
PING!
BOO! HOO! MY DARK ROOTS SHOW NOW!
DRUM

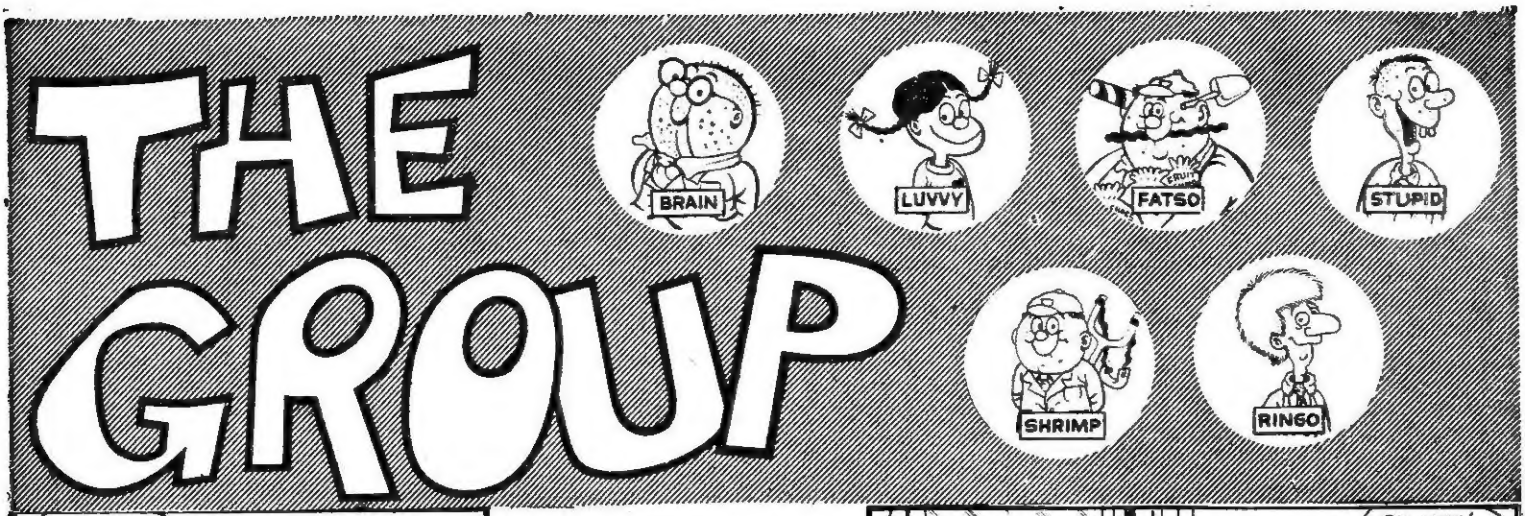
COO-OOH! THE JOLLY OLD SKIRTS SHRINKING WITH THAT SOAKING!

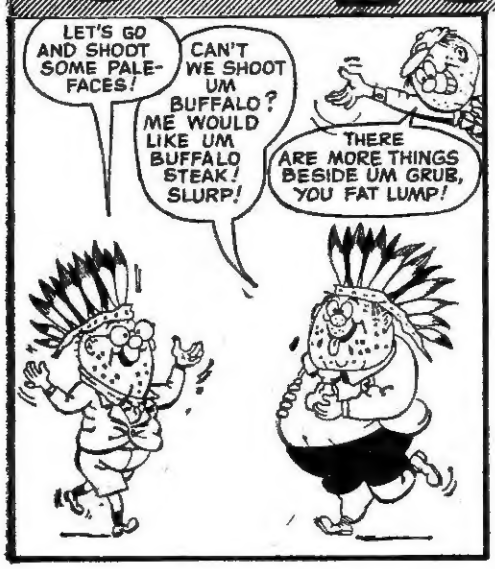
WH-WHERE AM I? WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
SHRINK! SHRINK! SHRINK!
TUM-TI-TUM! REVENGE TIME HAS COME!

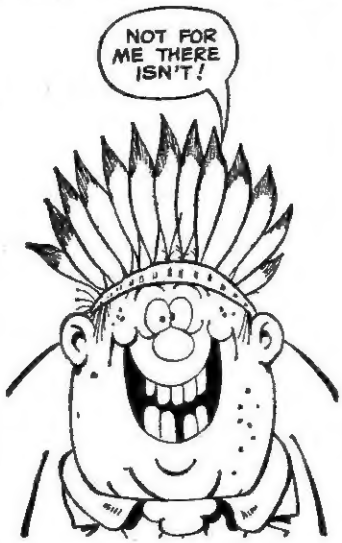
AAGH! WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING YOUR SKIRTS ARE SHORT AGAIN!
IT WAS HIM! HE DID IT WITH HIS WATER! HEH! HEH!
M-ME? B-BUT!

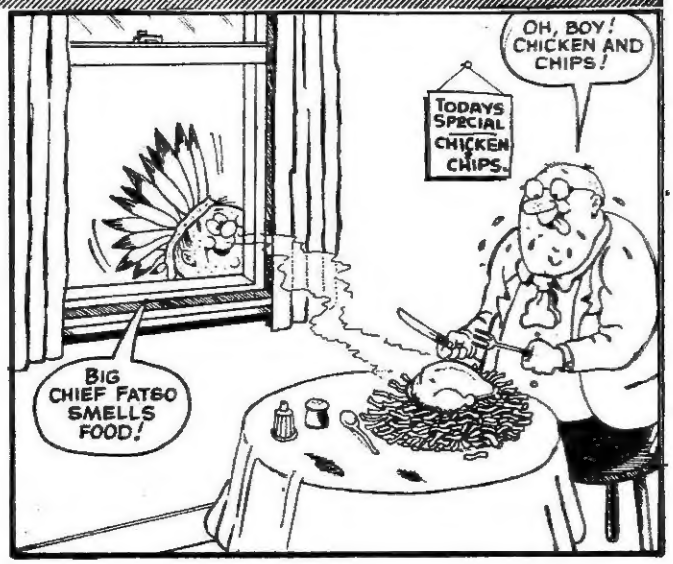
GRR! YOU'LL BE SIX INCHES SHORTER WHEN I'VE THUMPED YOU WITH THIS!
AAGH! LET ME EXPLAIN!
NINE INCHES FROM HEMLINE TO KNEE! THAT'S BETTER!
MAYBE MISS B. WAS RIGHT IN YOUR CASE, LAVINIA! THESE KNEES WOULD BE BETTER HIDDEN!

THE GROUP


BRAIN
LUVVY
FATSO
STUPID
SHRIMP
RINGO


LET'S GO AND SHOOT SOME PALE-FACES!
CAN'T WE SHOOT UM BUFFALO? ME WOULD LIKE UM BUFFALO STEAK! SLURP!
THERE ARE MORE THINGS BESIDE UM GRUB, YOU FAT LUMP!


NOT FOR ME THERE ISN'T!


OH, BOY! CHICKEN AND CHIPS!
TODAYS SPECIAL CHICKEN & CHIPS.
BIG CHIEF FATSO SMELLS FOOD!

TWANG!
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO PUT THE FEATHERS BACK ON MY CHICKEN
TODAYS SPECIAL CHICKEN & CHIPS
PLOP!

AAGH! ME CHICKEN'S BEEN NICKED!
MENU
ZIP!
UM GRUB COMING UP! HEH! HEH!

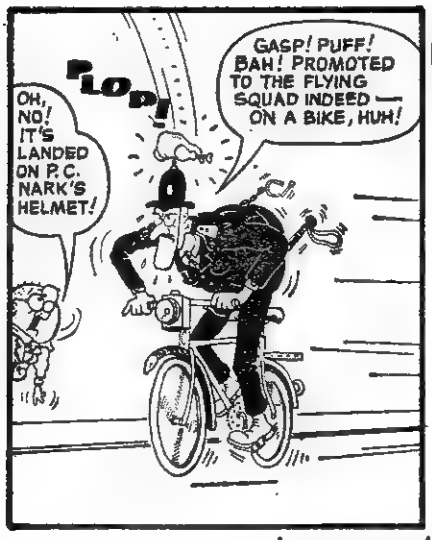
STOP, THIEF! COME BACK WITH MY GRUB!
GREASY SPOON CAFE
LEAVE IT TO US! WE'LL GET UM CHICKEN BACK FOR YOU! THAT TWERP'S ALWAYS GIVING US A BAD NAME!

FATSO DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE — HE'S TICKLISH!
A REAL FEATHER-BRAINED IDEA THIS!

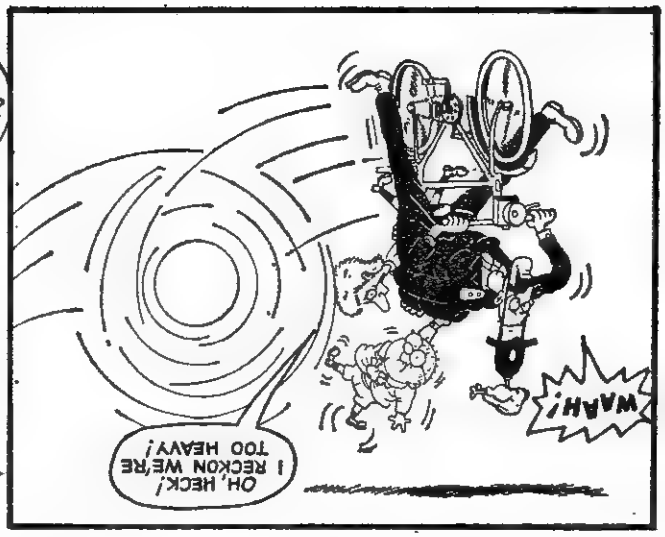
BOOM!
HEH! HEH! RIGHT ON TARGET!

AAGH! THE DIRTY ROTTERS! THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! HELP! HELP!

HO! HO! HA! HA! HEE! HEE! STOP IT! HEE! HEE! HO! HO! HO!

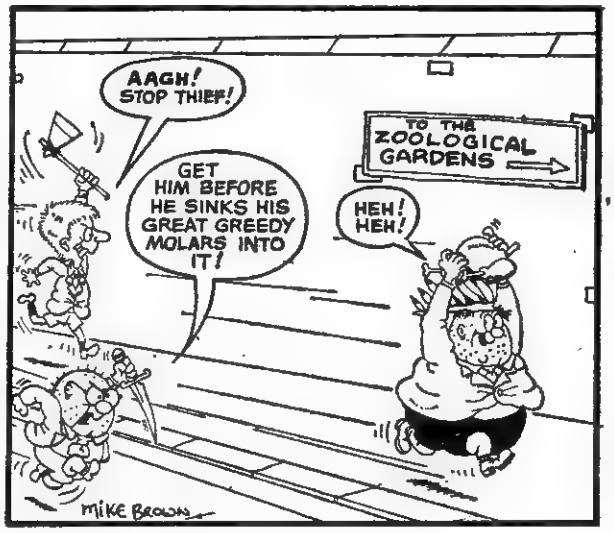

PLOP!
OH, NO! IT'S LANDED ON P.C. NARK'S HELMET!
GASP! PUFF! BAH! PROMOTED TO THE FLYING SQUAD INDEED — ON A BIKE, HUH!

EEK! THIS MUST BE A FLYING BIKE — BIKE—'COS I'M AIRBORNE!
ER— PLEASE MAY WE HAVE OUR CHICKEN BACK? GULP! GULP!


WAAH!
OH, HECK! I RECKON WE'RE TOO HEAVY!

CRASH!

HEH! HEH! MY GRUB'S COME BACK TO ME! THANKS, LADS! SNIGGER!


AAGH! STOP THIEF!
GET HIM BEFORE HE SINKS HIS GREAT GREEDY MOLARS INTO IT!
TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS
HEH! HEH!
MIKE BROWN

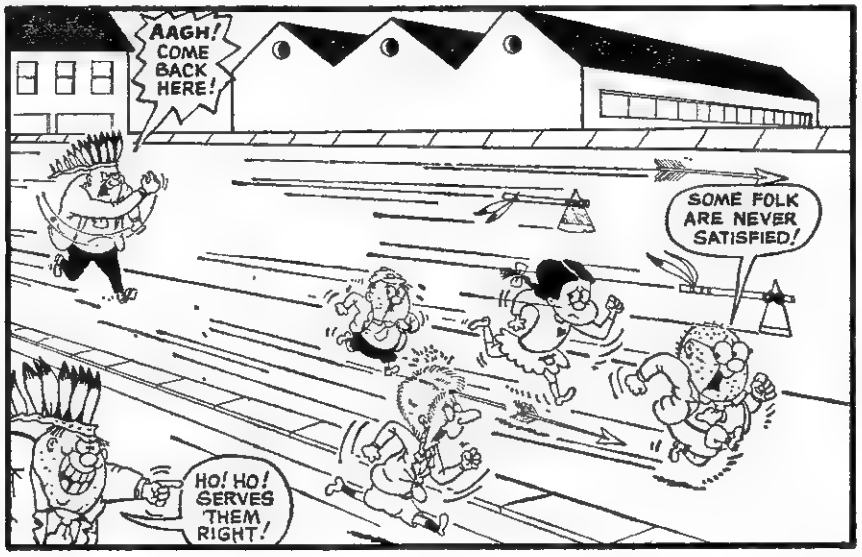
AAGH! THEY'VE GOT ME!

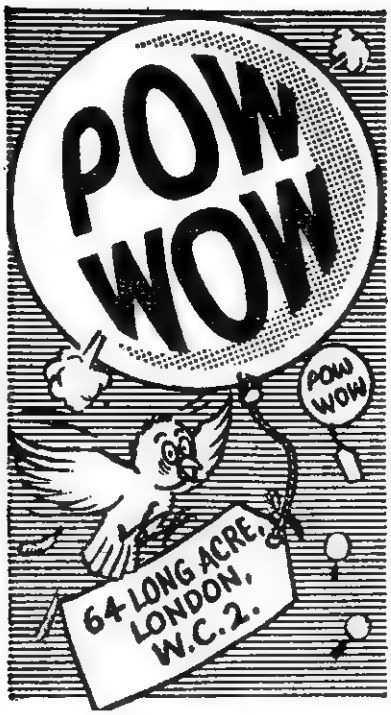
EH WHATSAT? COO! FREE GRUB!

OH, BOY! DADDY NEVER GIVES ME CHICKEN! SLURP! SLURP!

OH, NO! THAT FEATHERED FATSO HAS SCOFFED THE LOT!
RATTLE
RATTLE
RATTLE
RATTLE

TODAYS SPECIAL
CHICKEN & CHIPS


AAGH! COME BACK HERE!
SOME FOLK ARE NEVER SATISFIED!
HO! HO! SERVES THEM RIGHT!



Help brighten our day, frantic ones, and send us a letter to: Pow-Wow, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And . . . . . wait for it! If your letter is printed you win a genuine Spider-Man T-Shirt!

Dear Alf and Bart,

I don't particularly like these letters about mistakes in POWER COMICS. I think comics are for reading and enjoying, not criticising. In an American comic there was a great "BOO-BOO" contest. Why don't you run a contest like this in Power. Give notice that in one or more of your mags there will be a deliberate mistake in wording or art and give prizes for correct entries or first correct entries out of the "Bag."

Terence T. Booth,
Derby.

Us put in a deliberate mistake? When we have trouble enough keeping out the accidental boobs? It's a thought, Terence . . . but think what trouble we'd be in if readers spotted a mistake that shouldn't have been there? That's right, YOU think about it . . . we can't bear to!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Being a Spider-man fan (and who isn't) I do think it would be improved if you would start the Spidey story on the cover. Then you could have SOME of it in colour. You could also make the Spider-man story longer by taking out The Python . . . .

Michael Kenward,
Farnborough, Hants.

Take out Python we already have, Michael. The genius boys up here have taken your message very seriously and are thinking about doing it. If they should ever work around to actually DOING it (Spider-man on the front cover, we mean) we'll let you know.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I wish to enrol in St. Dominic's Academy. Every week I see some nice boy being chased, and I thought that Miss Bolster might want to employ someone to console him (or them). If you cannot even think of allowing a POW fanatic to keep an eye on the girls, I will be heartbroken at the thought of all those poor lads being left to just suffer . . .

Janet Brittain,
Wolverhampton, Staffs.

Janet, we won't even think of allowing ANYONE to join St. Dominic's . . . we're not that callous. And in any case, we think that it's poor Miss Bolster who needs looking after.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I have POW every week and I think it is really great! There are just TWO things that spoil it . . . and that is The Cloak!

Nicholas Georgiou,
London, N.W.5.

Nicky, now you've got us confused!! . . . and we do mean MORE THAN EVER!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

The other day I came home and was looking forward to reading my POW which was delivered that morning. But to my amazement I found my Aunt, who is 87, reading it, and I had to wait AGES before she had finished . . .

Michael Zbyowski,
Bristol.

And congratulations to your Aunt, Michael. She's obviously a very wise old lady who knows a good thing when she sees it. Your letter has given us a thought however . . . maybe we up here should think of awarding the title of KNIGHT OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF POWER for all you frantic followers who have succeeded in leading at least one other comics reader into changing to Power. As we said, we're thinking about it . . . what do YOU think?

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Please could you explain to me why at the end of each "Cloak" story there are these letters: O MIK?!

Keith Delwar,
Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

You've got it slightly wrong have. 't you, Keith. The name MIK appears on the "Cloak" drawings. But the "O" is the artist's version of a dot on the "i." And the artist? In our books one of the most original humour artists on the scene . . . MIKE HIGGS! Okay?

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I have a question about Spider-man. When Peter Parker talks to someone like J. J. Jameson doesn't he recognise the voice as being that of Spider-man? So why can't they unmask him?

Steven Holmes,
Kippax, nr. Leeds, Yorks.

Well, Steve, the reason that nobody recognises his voice is that the close-fitting mask that Spidey wears tends to muffle his voice, and make it unrecognisable! Simple enough for you?

Alf and Bart.

AND NOW HERE'S A LETTER FROM US

Dear Powerhousers,

We've said it before, but maybe we can't say it enough! We really WANT to get letters from you all. We really DEPEND on you letting us know your likes and dislikes, ideas and conclusions about "POW" (and the same goes for the rest of the Power Pack). Because in this way we really get to KNOW you, and knowing you makes it easier for us to give you the weekly literature you WANT!

As you know, we pick out the letters we think will make most interesting reading on our POW WOW LETTERS PAGE. But there are many, many which we can't use for this purpose. Sometimes it's because those letters say the same thing as in letters we've already used. Sometimes it's because they just tell us we're GREAT (not that that isn't nice to know) but don't tell us WHY! Some letters just say "please, please send me a Spider-man T-shirt,"' and much as we'd LIKE to give every reader a Spidey gear garment, there just aren't enough to go round. And in any case the deal is: give us an INTERESTING letter we can publish and we give YOU a Spider-man T-shirt!

So the fact is there are hundreds of letters we receive each week which we just CAN'T publish. What's worse, we find ourselves too HARD-PRESSED to answer them. Honest, it would take a staff of typists doing nothing else to reply to them all. It would cut such slices out of our work day that we'd not have enough time left to bring out POW (and that's something we don't want to even think about).

So please forgive us if your letter doesn't get a reply. Believe us, it's not because we're not BOTHERING! And, above all, do remember that EVERY ONE OF YOUR LETTERS IS READ AND NOTED DOWN. Every letter you write is playing its part in keeping POW right at the top of the comic-books heap! That's why . . .

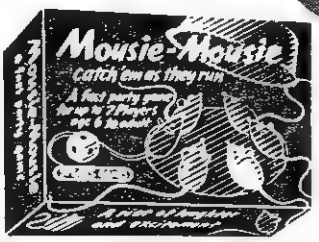
. . . Letter-writers, we love ya!!

ALF AND BART.

the ABSORBING MAN

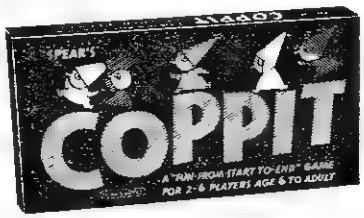
IN FANTASTIC NOW 9d

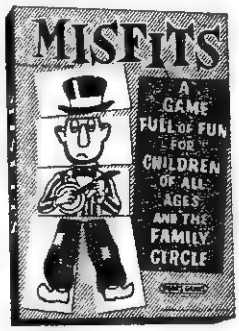
NEW!



MOUSIE-MOUSIE
Six long-tailed mice that even Mum will love catching! A fast, action-packed game for anyone over 6 years. 2-7 players. 7/3d.

CAR CAPERS
A game full of fun for all car fans from 6 years upwards. 2-6 players try to build up as many cars as possible. 7/3d.





COPPIT
"Come on Dad, let's have a go!" That's the way it is with Coppit -- an exciting game of capturing and releasing prisoners. For 2-6 players aged 6 to adult. 10/3d.

MISFITS
Hats! Heads! Bodies! Legs! Belonging to 12 comical characters. Complete the greatest number to win. For 2-6 players of all ages. 7/3d.

SCRABBLE FOR JUNIORS ®
A simplified version that keeps youngsters happily occupied for hours. Board has two playing sides; one for ages 6-8, the other for 8-10. Price: 13/6d.

Lids off!

and the Christmas fun begins

Super presents—games from Spear's. Games of skill, games of chance, learn-as-you-play games. Fun to play, thrilling to win. Packed with laughter, interest, delight. Perfect gifts for everyone from the very young to the young in heart. From toyshops, stationers & department stores everywhere. For a colour leaflet illustrating over 30 Spear's Games and educational toys, send the coupon today.
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J. W. Spear & Sons Limited,
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Please send me your free full colour leaflet about Spear's Games

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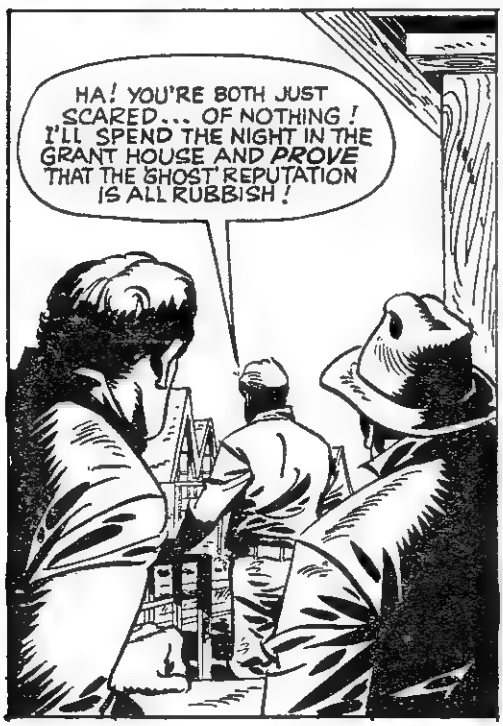
BLOCK CAPITALS

The House In The Haunted Swamp

YOUR POW! SHORT STORY

GAZE WELL UPON THIS DECAYING PILE, CRUMBLING SLOWLY IN THE HEART OF THE SWAMPY FENS! YOU MAY NEVER SEE SUCH A HOUSE AGAIN... IF YOU ARE LUCKY! FOR THIS HOUSE IS BELIEVED TO BE HAUNTED!



BUT THAT'S STRANGE! GHOSTS ARE USUALLY CAUSED BY SOMEBODY DYING VIOLENTLY, OR IN GREAT AGONY OR MISERY! AND YET YOU SAY THAT NOBODY EVER DIED IN THE GRANT HOUSE!
NO, BUT OLD GRANT WAS A BIT MAD! HE MUST HAVE BEEN TO BUY A HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF A SWAMP AND THEN ABANDON IT AFTER A COUPLE OF YEARS!
STRANGE PEOPLE DO STRANGE THINGS! ANYWAY, THANKS FOR YOUR HELP!
AS DAY BEGAN TO FADE INTO DUSK...
WE'RE SETTLED IN, AND EVERYTHING ELSE IS DONE! WE MAY AS WELL GO OUT TO THE GRANT HOUSE AND GET IT OVER WITH!
THE OLD CROW INN
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAVE? YOU'RE NOT LOSING INTEREST ARE YOU?
NO, BUT DESPITE ALL THE HOUSES WE'VE EXAMINED WE'VE STILL TO MEET OUR FIRST GHOST! SOMETIMES IT DOES ALL SEEM A WASTE OF TIME!
LOOK! THERE'S THE THICKET THAT THE OLD MAN MENTIONED! THE HOUSE MUST BE JUST BEYOND IT!
HE SAID IN THE THICKET, NOT BEYOND IT, JULIE!
WHY ANYONE SHOULD WANT TO BUILD A HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF A WOOD IS BEYOND ME!
WELL, YOU ARE NORMAL, DEAR LADY! OUR FRIEND GRANT, BY ALL REPORTS, WAS ANYTHING BUT!
BUT NOW, LET US LEAVE OUR RESEARCH TEAM AND FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MARTIN PETERSON, WHO HAS ALREADY REACHED THE OLD GRANT HOUSE!
GHOULS AND GHOSTIES DON'T BOTHER ME! BUT SWAMP RATS ARE ANOTHER MATTER ALTOGETHER! I'LL CHECK THE PLACE OVER BEFORE I SETTLE DOWN FOR THE NIGHT
STUPID OF ME TO FORGET MY TORCH, BUT THIS HUNK OF DRY WOOD GIVES ME LIGHT ENOUGH... FOR THE TIME BEING!
SECONDS LATER...
PARAFFIN
WHAT'S THAT? AHHHH!... A BAT... IT HIT ME....!
I'M GETTING ON EDGE! THE PIECE OF WOOD HAS SNAPPED! THERE'S BURNING BITS ALL OVER THE FLOOR!
AND THE FLOOR'S AS DRY AS TINDER!
AT THAT MOMENT THE GHOST-HUNTERS CAME...
PITY WE COULDN'T GET THE LAND-ROVER CLOSER! IT MEANS WE HAVE TO SLOG THROUGH THIS MUD!
STOP GROUSING! LOOK! THE HOUSE IS THERE... YOU CAN JUST SEE IT THROUGH THE MIST!
WHAT A PLACE TO BUILD! AND IN A SPOT LIKE THIS! GRANT MUST HAVE BEEN A NUT!
COME ON, LET'S GET INSIDE!
WELL, AFTER THE MESS WE GOT INTO COMING HERE, I HOPE WE DO FIND SOMETHING, JUST TO MAKE IT WORTHWHILE COMING!

ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT FOR OUR FRIEND THE GHOST TO TURN UP!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, THOUGH. NO VIOLENT DEATH, OR ANYTHING, THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY GHOST! BUT THEY SAY THERE IS!
MAYBE IT'S JUST ANOTHER WILD GOOSE CHASE, WE'RE... HEY! WHAT'S THAT THUMPING?
SOMETHING'S MOVING ABOUT UPSTAIRS!
COME ON! MAYBE THIS IS REALLY IT... AT LAST!
THROUGH A GLASS PANEL A BLACK FIGURE WRITHED AS IF IN AGONY...
THE -THE GHOST!
...THEN VANISHED IN A GREY SWIRLING CLOUD...
IT'S GONE! BUT YOU CAN STILL HEAR IT! QUICK, DOWNSTAIRS AND BRING UP SOME OF THE EQUIPMENT!
BUT BEFORE THEY COULD RETURN...
WAIT! I SMELL SOMETHING BURNING!
IT'S COMING FROM UPSTAIRS! THE PLACE IS ON FIRE! QUICK - GATHER UP ALL THE GEAR!
GOOD GRIEF! IT'S JUST A WALL OF FLAME! THE ENTIRE FLOOR'S AN INFERNO!
COME ON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, WHILE WE STILL CAN!
WE SAW IT! WE SAW IT! WE SAW THE GHOST!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN! BUT... BUT HOW DID THE PLACE CATCH FIRE?... WAS IT TRYING TO WARN US?
FOR THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION LET'S LOOK BACK AT MARTIN PETERSON..
THERE WERE GHOSTS! I SAW THEM! TWO MEN AND WOMAN! JUST BEFORE THE SMOKE THICKENED... BECAUSE OF THEM I DIDN'T NOTICE THE SPARK FALL INTO THE PARAFFIN! NOW I CAN'T GET OUT! I'M TRAPPED! TRAPPED!
THUS, BY SUCH QUIRKS OF FATE DO LEGENDS GROW! MARTIN THOUGHT HE SAW A GHOST. SO DID THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHERS! PERHAPS IT NEVER WAS HAUNTED FOR IT WAS A HOUSE WITH NO HISTORY OF SUDDEN, VIOLENT DEATH. BUT NOW... ALL HAS CHANGED...
...FOR MARTIN PETERSON NEVER GOT OUT OF THAT INFERNO ALIVE!
NEXT WEEK! A TYRANT, A CURSE, AND A TRICK OF FATE... IN THE FROGMAN!

Ripley's — Believe It or Not!

THE FIDDLE THAT WALKS
THE MALAYAN MANTIS HAS AN ELONGATED NECK AND A BODY SHAPED *LIKE A VIOLIN*

THE PRIMITIVE LAPPS
of Norway and Sweden
HAVE 20 DIFFERENT WORDS FOR "ICE" AND 40 EXPRESSIONS FOR "SNOW"

THE APPLE THAT MADE IBRAHIM COMMANDER OF EGYPT'S ARMY!
MOHAMMED ALI, ruler of Egypt, ANNOUNCED IN 1816 THAT HE WOULD GIVE COMMAND OF HIS ARMY TO WHOEVER COULD SECURE AN APPLE CENTERED ON A CARPET
-WITHOUT SETTING FOOT ON THE CARPET
AFTER EVERY OTHER CONTESTANT HAD FAILED, IBRAHIM REACHED THE APPLE
SIMPLY BY ROLLING UP THE CARPET

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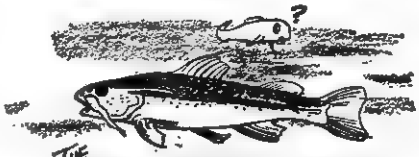
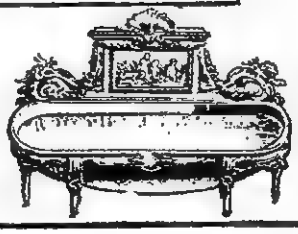
Pride Goeth Before a Fall
THE TOMBSTONE OF MAYOR HANS STAININGER, of Braunau, Austria, DEPICTS HIM PROUDLY DISPLAYING HIS BEARD *WHICH WAS 8 FEET, 9 INCHES LONG*
HE DIED OF A BROKEN NECK, AFTER TRIPPING OVER IT

JAMES BERRY
BRITAIN'S OFFICIAL EXECUTIONER ALWAYS INTRODUCED HIMSELF TO THE CRIMINALS HE WAS ABOUT TO HANG BY GIVING THEM *HIS BUSINESS CARD*



THE SOUTH AMERICAN CATFISH
DESPITE ITS NAME *GROWLS LIKE A DOG*



A SILVER BATHTUB
WAS LISTED ON THE MENU OF the Meot Restaurant, in Paris, France, SO LEADERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION COULD DINE LEISURELY *WHILE TAKING A CHAMPAGNE BATH*

NOT JUST A SKATE...

PACEMAKER

REALLY SETS THE PACE!

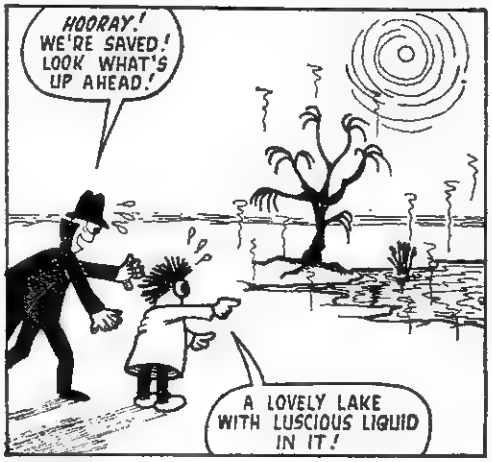
Once you've put on your PACEMAKERS—you find out what roller skating really is! Zoom away and ahead of the rest with the finest, fastest skates in the world. PACEMAKER . . . really sets the pace!

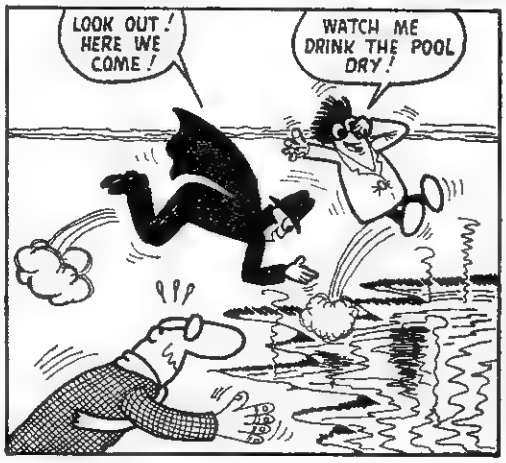
Do you know about JUMPING JACKS?
Defy the laws of gravity with these spring skates that set you leaping and bounding with moonman ease!

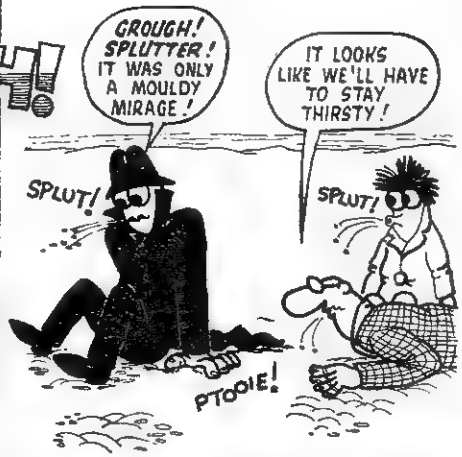
DAVIES

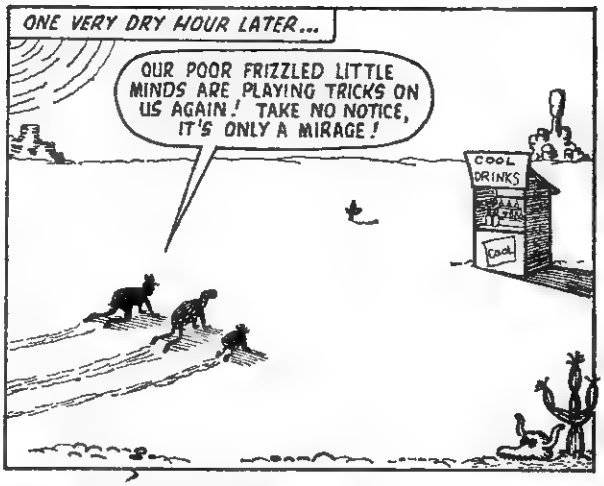
SEE PACEMAKER SKATES AND JUMPING JACKS AT YOUR LOCAL STORE

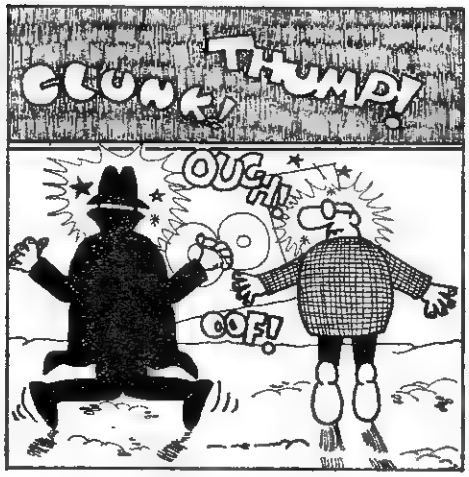
THE CLOAK GOES WEST

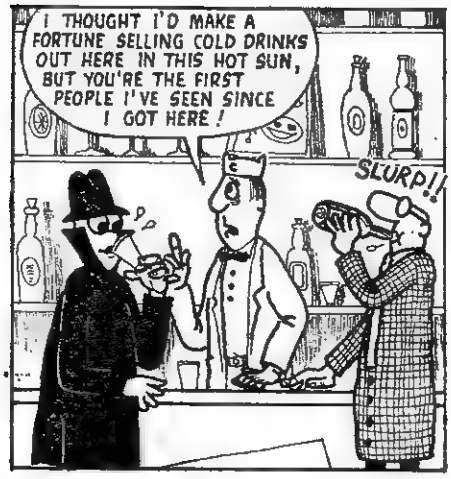


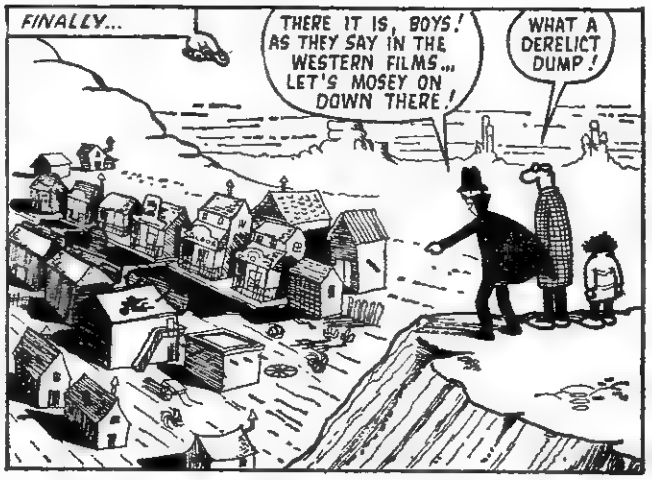












I CAN'T BELIEVE THE GHOUL MOB ARE USING THIS PLACE AS A MISSILE BASE! IT LOOKS TOO RUN-DOWN EVEN FOR THEM! WE'D BETTER LOOK ROUND TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE THOUGH!
SALOON
PSST! THERE'S STRANGERS IN TOWN, JAKE!
I'LL TELL THE BOYS TO DO THEIR STUFF!
THE FIRST THING TO DO IS TO FIND A FRESH SUPPLY OF WATER!
THAT LOOKS LIKE A PUMP OVER THERE! MAYBE IT STILL WORKS!
THIS OLD WOODEN BUCKET SHOULD DO TO CARRY THE WATER IN!
OKAY! WE'LL EXPLORE THE BUILDINGS WHILE YOU'RE FETCHING IT!
THERE'S A HOLE IN MY BUCKET....
ERK!
TIMBER!!
CLUNK!
THUD!
UGH! I GUESS THIS MAKES ME A PAIL-FACE!
MEANWHILE, OVER AT THE SALOON...
SALOON
WE'LL NIP IN HERE AND GIVE IT THE ONCE OVER!
ER-UM! AFTER YOU, OLD CHAP!
OKAY! I'LL GO IN FIRST! I DIDN'T KNOW A FEW COBWEBS AND SPIDERS COULD SCARE YOU, MOLE!
HUH! 'COURSE THEY DON'T SCARE ME!
GULP!
HOLD ON! HOLD ON! WAIT FOR ME!
?
ZIP!
MIK
I'D BETTER HURRY UP AND GET THE WATER, OR THEY'LL BE WONDERING WHAT I'M DOING!
BUT WHO IS THIS?
IS SHORTSTUFF ABOUT TO BE SPIRITED AWAY? WILL CLOAK FIND THE MISSILE BASE? BUY NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE AND FIND OUT!

EXPERIMENT X

SINISTER DR. MORG, EMPLOYED BY THE COUNCIL OF F.E.A.R.–A TOP-SECRET ALLIED ORGANISATION–TO INVESTIGATE THE UNKNOWN, ENDEAVOURS TO MAKE ONE OF HIS ASSISTANTS CHANGE PLACES WITH A GORILLA BY CONVERTING THEIR BODY-MASSES INTO A STREAM OF PARTICLES. BUT...

NO!– STTTOPPP! HELP MEEEE! AAGHH!

MY GRIEF!– HENDRICKS IS CHANGING! HE'S ABSORBING THE GORILLA'S ATOMS!

DR. MORG SNARLS THROUGH THE ROAR OF POUNDING CIRCUITS!

QUICK, YOU FOOLS, REVERSE THE CIRCUITS!

IT'S– TOO LATE! THE ELECTRICAL BUILD-UP HAS PASSED SATURATION POINT!

GET DOWN!

NEXT MOMENT...

Blammmm!

THE DOME– IT'S EXPLODING!

A SCREAMING FIGURE STUMBLES FROM THE CHAOS!

UUUUEEEKKK!

GOOD GRIEF, HENDRICKS HAS SURVIVED– BUT L-LOOK AT HIM!

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM!

AAAOOOEEE!

HE'S BECOME A GORILLA!!

THE MEMBERS OF F.E.A.R. FIGHT TO CONTROL THEIR SHATTERED NERVES

BUT IF– IF HALF OF THAT THING IS HENDRICKS, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE OTHER GORILLA?

THE ANSWER LIES IN THE OTHER DOME, GENTLEMAN!

YOU FOOLSSSS! EEEECHH!– WHAT HAVE YOU–DONE?

AAAHHH!

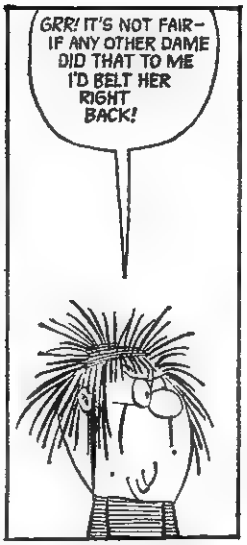
MORG, THIS IS MADNESS! DO SOMETHING– CHANGE THEM BACK!

THAT IS WHAT I INTEND TO DO! SIMMONS, GIVE ME THE HYPO-GUN!

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? TO KNOW THE HAIR-RAISING ANSWER, KEEP A DATE WITH **DR. MORG**...WITH **F.E.A.R.**...WITH **POW!**—**NEXT WEEK!**

KICKS

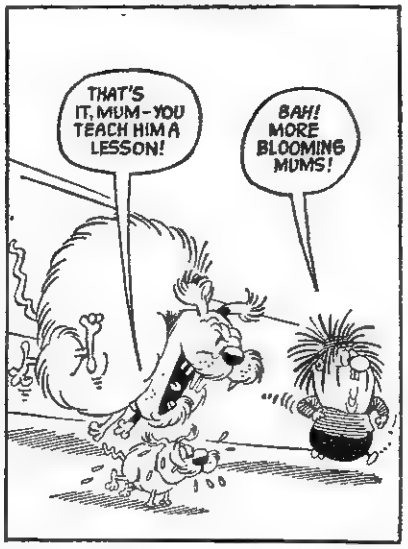
MAYBE THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO HIDE HAIRY SPIDERS IN MY WIG!


GRR! IT'S NOT FAIR– IF ANY OTHER DAME DID THAT TO ME I'D BELT HER RIGHT BACK!

HELP! HELP! WHAT DID I DO!
YOU'RE A DAME, AREN'T YOU!

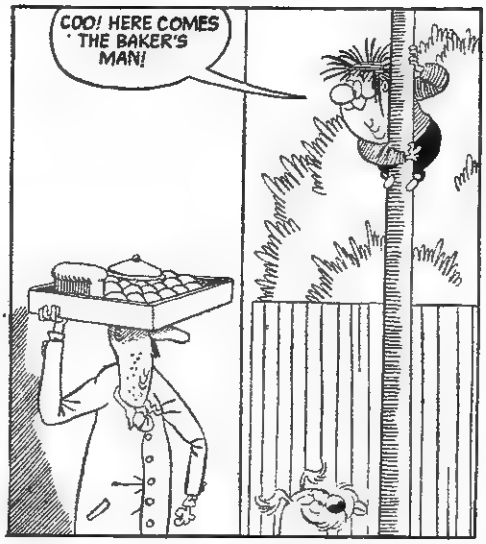
LEAVE MY LITTLE NELLIE ALONE, YOU MONSTER!
ANOTHER BLINKING MUM!
BOP!

AND WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING AT, POOCH?
WAA-AH! MUMMY! MUMMY!
SQUSH!


THAT'S IT, MUM–YOU TEACH HIM A LESSON!
BAH! MORE BLOOMING MUMS!

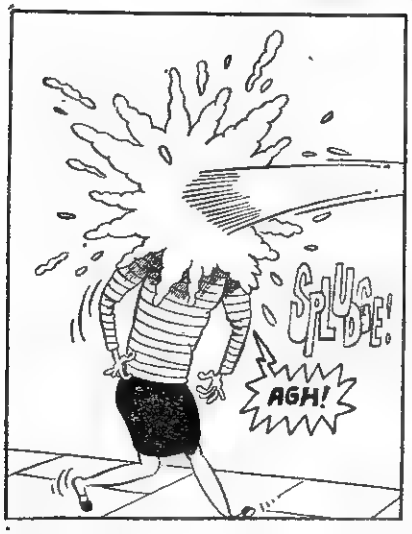
I'M IN NO HURRY– I'VE GOT ALL DAY!

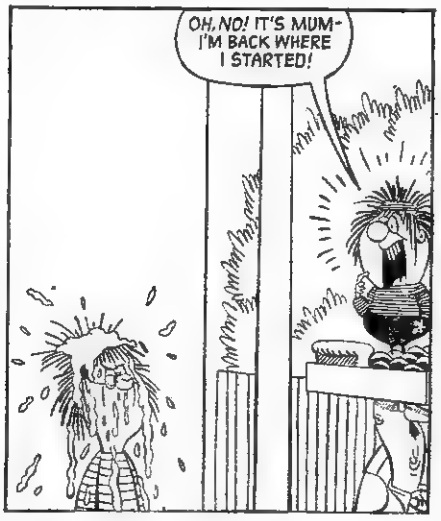
BUT IF I DON'T GET BACK FOR DIN I'M IN TROUBLE WITH MY OWN MUM AGAIN!


COO! HERE COMES THE BAKER'S MAN!

I THINK I'LL HITCH A LIFT!

OH, HECK! I'VE PUT ME FOOT IN A CREAM CAKE!
SQUIDGE!

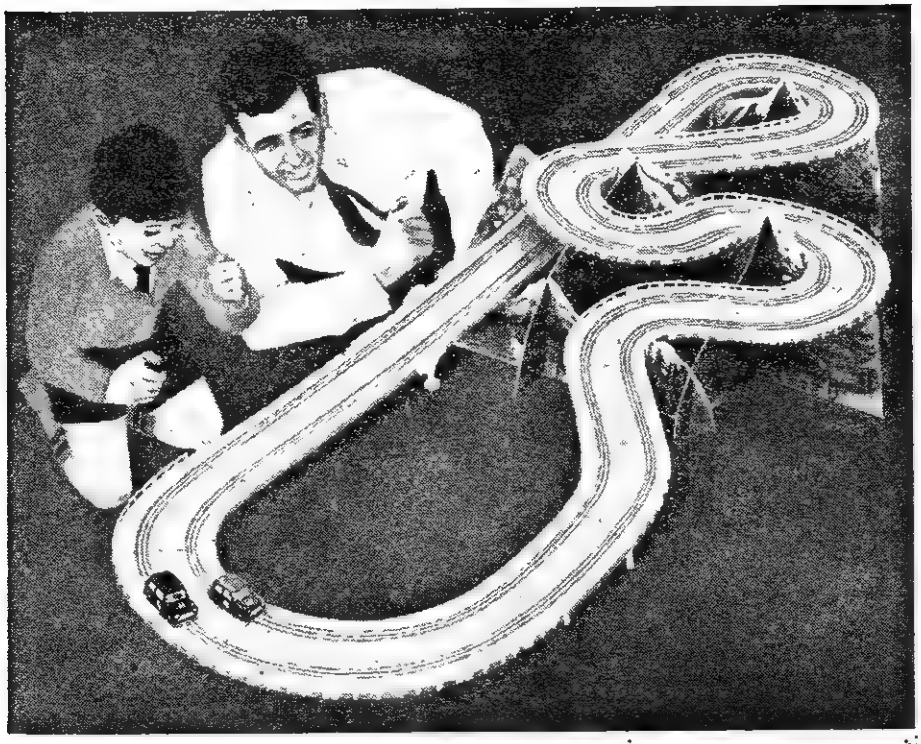

SPLUDGE!
AGH!


OH, NO! IT'S MUM– I'M BACK WHERE I STARTED!

GRR! WHERE IS HE! WHERE IS THE LITTLE BRAT!

M– MUM'S THE WORD! G-GULP!

Only with Airfix Motor Racing—The Monte Carlo Rally



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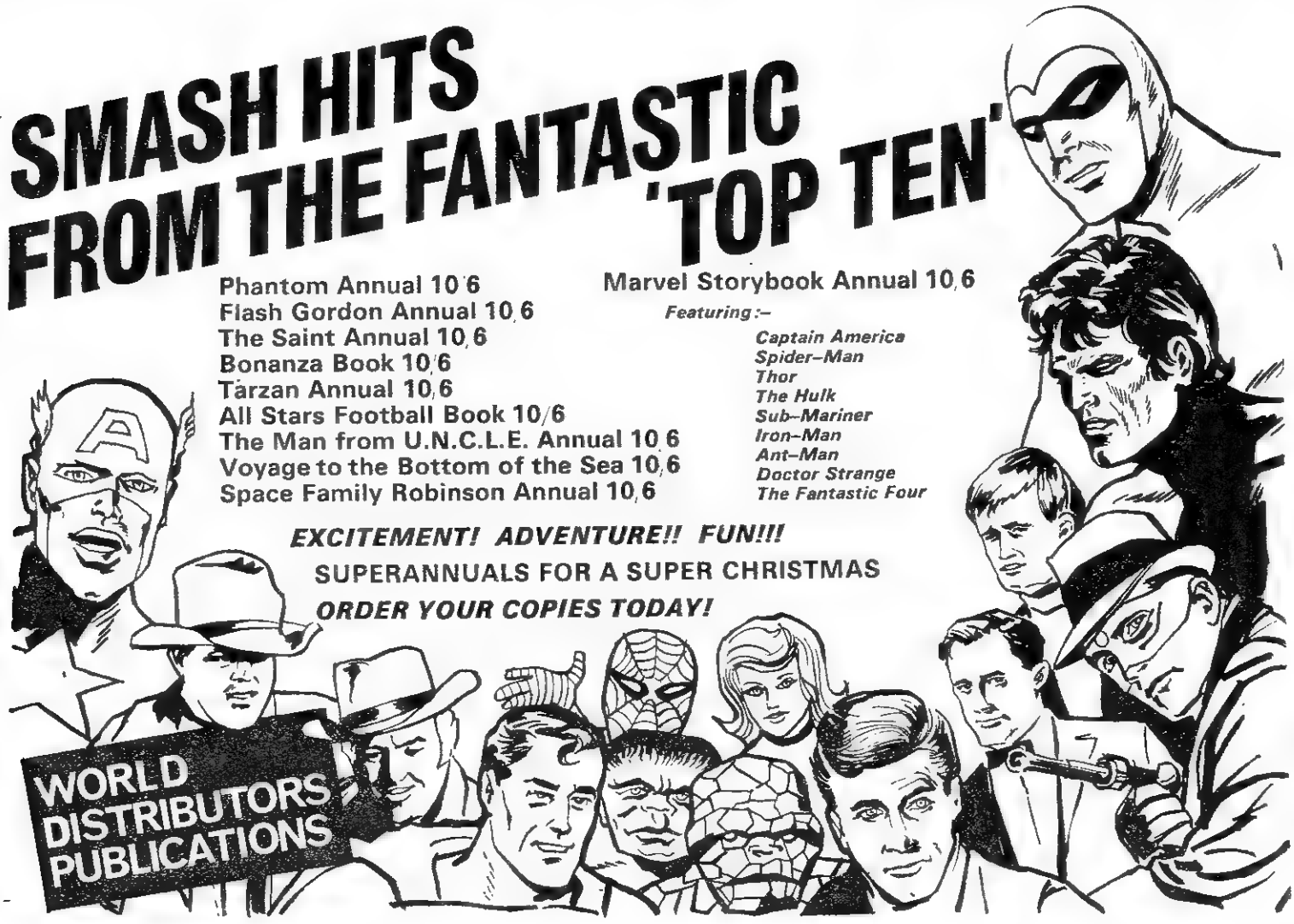

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

NOW, NORMALLY we don't use this editorial section for printing readers' letters, right? But here's a screed, posted to FANTASTIC, which we think every Powerhouser should read (as well as those misguided ones who are not yet Power readers). It's from Miss H. L. Parry, of Cards., S. Wales . . . and we quote: Dear Alf and Bart,—Although I can no longer call myself a kid, I find I am taking up comics again—namely FANTASTIC, TERRIFIC, etc.—for the first time since I left school, a few years ago. I am truly sincere when I say that after reading the depressing sensationalism of our daily newspapers, I find that I can turn to such comics as yours for reassurance that GOOD can still overcome EVIL. Perhaps if everyone was made to read FANTASTIC the world might learn the error of its ways and crime and wars might decrease as each person came to learn the virtue of being "a good guy . . ."

We could write a few words of our own to wind up Reader Parry's letter, but it wouldn't really add anything to what she has said. So we'll just shout from the rooftops . . . WE THINK SO, TOO! Nuff said!!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Graham Harris, Edgware, Middlesex; Andrew Hayman, Leicester; Philip Harris, Montgomeryshire, Wales; Andrew McGill, Ayrshire, Scotland; Simon Middleton, Hampstead, London, N.W.3; John Lee, Thornton, Lancashire; Philip Crabtree, Bradford, Yorkshire; F. Lyons, Dover, Kent; Betty Ann Ellis, Wickford, Essex; Hal Crompton, Bury, Lancashire; Jim Quigley, Glasgow, Scotland; Renee Folkard, Palmers Green, London, N.13; Steven Line, Kingsley, Northamptonshire; Yvonne Biller, Ilford, Essex; Susan Drake, Bath, Somerset; Julia Snelling, Manchester; Howard Robinson, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21; Lois Carpenter, Cockfosters, Herts.; Ricky Stroud, Waltham Cross, Herts.; Simon Jones, Godalming, Surrey.

OUTSIDE of Royalty and art genius Jolly Jack Kirby there are few people who can legitimately call themselves KING! But now BIG BOLD BART can (and we have the notion he isn't going to let us forget it, either). The full title recently bestowed upon His Garret Majesty is KING ONEHOLER! S'fact! What does it mean? Well, it's all to do with some past-time called GOLF! And if any golfer manages to hole-in-one *more than once* . . . he is then entitled to be called as we have said, KING ONEHOLER! Well, determined not to be outdone, some members of the gang slunk on to a nearby golf course one midnight and had a go themselves! Their report? THERE MUST BE *EASIER* WAYS TO GET A CROWN!

PUZZLE! How can IRON MAN fight HIMSELF? No it's not just a question of tussling with his conscience or anything DEEP like that! It's a straight, genuine, clobbering fact! THE ANSWER? It's right there, in a saga called "When Titans Clash," in FANTASTIC, this week!! What'll they think of next?!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MORE MIND MAGIC

HERE'S a stunning party trick. The more people present the easier it is for you, and the more foolproof the stunt. It sounds a bit complicated on paper, but try it as you read and you will see how simple it really is!

HOW IT LOOKS

Half a dozen people write a few words each on slips of paper. They fold the slips in half, then in half again. You collect the papers in a borrowed hat and place the hat in full view on the table.

Taking the slips one at a time you announce in turn what your friends have written. You are right every time!

HOW YOU DO IT

All you need is to know one question before you begin! And, as magic is a one-man affair, who better to write the question than you! You drop it secretly into the hat on the way back to the table.

To perform the trick pick out any slip except your own (this is easy to do as you have folded yours differently to the rest).

Hold the slip to your forehead. Ask the writers of the slips to concentrate on what they wrote.

Slowly "mind-read" the words that are supposed to be on the paper. Use plenty of showmanship! What you actually do is to repeat the words on your own paper (and that is still in the hat, remember)!

Unfold the paper "just to check"; smile to yourself as if satisfied; place the paper face down underneath the hat with the promise of inspection at the end of the experiment.

Of course, when you unfolded the paper you read what was REALLY on the paper!

Then turn your attention to the second slip (actually "mind-reading" what was on the first slip), and so on, concluding with the one you wrote yourself.

The paper slips and the hat may now be freely examined. No-one will discover how you did it, for there's nothing to discover!

Learn to do this trick effectively and your reputation for telepathic powers is assured!

It's NOT magic, when you find your POW! has vanished from the newsagent's shop. It's just because the best goods always sell out first, and another POW-fan has got there before you. The trick of making sure it doesn't ever happen again is . . . ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT TO RESERVE YOU A COPY EACH WEEK! Simple as that!

want to be a

MOVIE PROJECTIONIST

RACING DRIVER

DOUBLE AGENT

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The super Film and Slide Projector Gun! This is really something! Imagine giving your own film show . . . anywhere, any time! AND be able to show 35 mm. slides too! This marvellous projector gun means you can do just that! Load up, press the trigger . . and project. Comes complete with colour films, each telling a full story, and you can get extra films easily. Illuminated by three U-2 batteries *(not supplied)*. *If you like movies (and who doesn't ?)—FLASHY FLICKERS IS FOR YOU!*

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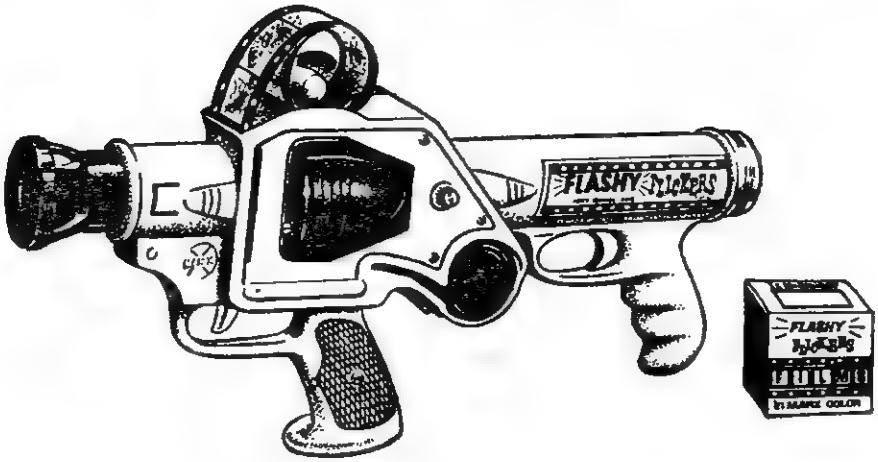

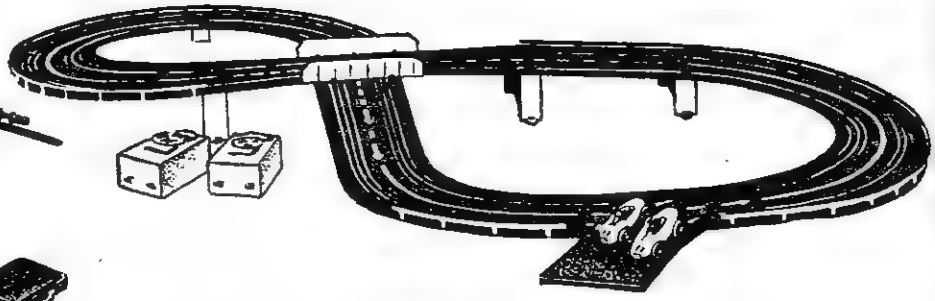

MIKE HAZARD, DOUBLE AGENT

Take a look at this—here's the most famous Top Secret Operative of them all AND all his disguises and special equipment, to say nothing of his weapons! Standing 11½" tall, MIKE is fully movable and will take up any action pose you want. His kit includes disguises, clothes, guns, booby-traps, radio and so on . . . over fifty pieces in all. *If you like the thrills of the Undercover Agent's life—then MIKE HAZARD will give you plenty of chance to enjoy them!*

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See if you *could* be a racing ace! This thrilling, realistic race game tests *your* skill and judgment. Two modern race-cars and an authentic Figure 8 track, complete with Le Mans type start, Automatic Lap Counter and Chicane Sections. Each car is operated by a separate battery box powered by three U-2 batteries *(not supplied)*, and it's up to you to get them around the track safely and fast! *Everything you need for the most exciting game there is!*

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SEE THEM AT YOUR TOYSTORE TODAY!

NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.!

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION!

"WHEN THE UNLIVING STRIKE!"

BENEATH THE MURKY SWAMP WATERS, COLONEL FURY AND HIS MEN DISCOVER AN OUTPOST OF T.H.E.M.! DISPERSING A DETACHMENT OF ANDROIDS, THE S.H.I.E.L.D. BOYS HOME IN ON THE INSTALLATION...UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE BEING WATCHED...

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

AND SO... SECONDS LATER...
WE'VE FOUND WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR, DUM DUM! GO GET 'EM NOW, WHILE I SEE HOW BAD THE KID'S BEEN HURT!
AND DON'T TAKE ANY BONEHEAD CHANCES, YOU OLD WALRUS! ANY OUTFIT THAT CAN BUILD A LAYOUT LIKE THIS, AIN'T ABOUT TO BE A PUSHOVER FOR YOU!
DON'T WORRY, NICK! WE'LL BE SURE'N LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE CROSSING THE STREET!
C'MON, YOU GUYS... FOLLOW ME!!

WELL, WELL! SO YOU DECIDED TO JOIN THE LIVING AGAIN, HUH, SITWELL?
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN TO FOLLOW MY ORDERS, AND NOT TRY TO OUT-HERO THE WHOLE BLAMED LOT OF US?!!
SORRY, COLONEL! I... I GUESS I DIDN'T STOP TO THINK...!
THAT'S THE CHICKEN-SCRATCHIN'-EST UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE YEAR, YOU GREAT MEATHEAD!

I SUPPOSE YOU'LL WANT ME TO TURN IN MY SHIELD EMBLEM, SIR? TO THINK... A SITWELL, BEING DRUMMED OUT OF THE CORPS! I, WHOSE GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS...
SHUDDUP, YOU BLASTED HAMBONE! I KNOW I OUGHT TO SEND YOU BACK TO KINDERGARDEN, BUT THERE'D BE NOBODY TO LOOK AFTER YOU THERE!
SISSISSIS SISSISSIS
HEAR THEM CRACKLING NOISES? I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF 'EM!
WE'LL WORRY ABOUT YOUR FAMILY TREE LATER! LET'S GO!

BUT, NO SOONER DO FURY AND JASPER SITWELL JOIN THE OTHER SHIELD AGENTS, WHEN THEY FIND THEMSELVES WEDGED BETWEEN TWO TWIN BARRIERS OF DEADLY ELECTRIC ENERGY WAVES...!
COLONEL! IT SEEMS AS THOUGH WE'VE BLUNDERED INTO A TRAP!
THANKS FER THE INFO, JUNIOR! I KIND OF THOUGHT THIS WAS LADIES' NIGHT AT THE KNITTING PARLOUR!
LOOK! THERE'S SOMEONE BEHIND THERE... IN BACK OF THE ELECTRIC RAYS...!
WELCOME, COLONEL FURY! WE HAVE LONG BEEN EXPECTING YOU AND YOUR AGENTS OF SHIELD!
WE REGRET THAT YOUR STAY WILL BE SUCH A BRIEF ONE... DUE TO THE FACT THAT THE NEXT ELECTRIC CHARGE WILL BE DIRECTLY IN YOUR MIDST!

MISTER, US AGENTS OF SHIELD AIN'T NO SUPER-HEROES! WE FIGURE WE'RE BOUND TO LOSE SOONER OR LATER!
THAT'S WHY I'M CARRYING THIS LITTLE IGNITER WITH ME! MAKE ONE MORE MOVE AND I SET OFF THE PINT-SIZED FISSION-BOMBS WE PLANTED AT THE ENTRANCE TO YOUR LITTLE FUN-HOUSE!
YEAH! IF WE HAVE TO CASH IN OUR CHIPS, IT'LL BE KIND OF NICE TO KNOW THAT YOU TWO CRUMBS ARE JOINING US!
SO, GO AHEAD... PLAY WITH YOUR LITTLE MAD-SCIENTIST TOYS.. IT'S ALL UP TO YOU!

IT WOULD SEEM YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY STALEMATED US, FURY! WE ARE FAR TOO VALUABLE TO THEM TO SACRIFICE OURSELVES THIS WAY!
YOUR OWN DESTRUCTION, AS WELL AS THAT OF ALL THE AGENTS OF SHIELD, WOULD NOT AFFECT MANKIND NEARLY AS MUCH AS THE LOSS OF THE SUPREME INTELLECTS OF ANY TWO AGENTS OF THEM!
BUT, NATURALLY WE CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO GO FREE... TO INFORM THE WORLD OF OUR PRESENCE!

HOWEVER, IN EVERY GAME... EVEN ONE WHERE THE STAKES ARE LIFE AND DEATH... ARE RANDOM ELEMENTS... PLAYED BY A CAPRICIOUS FATE! THUS, AT THAT VERY INSTANT, A HORDE OF POWERFUL ANDROIDS, TERRIFIED BY THE SUDDEN ELECTRICAL CHARGES, STAMPEDES MINDLESSLY TOWARDS THE TWO MASKED MYSTERY MEN...
THE HAMMER-HAND ANDROIDS!! THE VIBRATIONS SHOOK THEM LOOSE FROM THEIR HYDROPONIC TANKS!
THEY'RE STAMPEDING... LIKE A HERD OF RAMPAGING BEASTS!! COMING RIGHT TOWARDS US!! IF WE CANNOT STOP THEM... THEY... THEY'LL TRAMPLE US...!!

BUT, FOR ALL THEIR INTELLIGENCE... FOR ALL THEIR MUCH-VAUNTED SUPERIORITY... THE TWO AGENTS OF THE SHADOWY EMPIRE OF EVIL KNOWN AS THEM... ARE TOTALLY HELPLESS BEFORE THE MINDLESS, RAMPAGING, ONRUSHING ANDROIDS...
STOP!! TURN BACK!! THIS IS YOUR MASTER... COMMANDING YOU!! YOU MUST OBEY! YOU MUST...!!
DON'T!! STAY AWAY! YOU'RE TRAMPLING...!! UNNNH...!

COLONEL!! THEY'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC BARRIER... THEY'RE TRYING TO CRASH THROUGH TO GET AT US!
YEAH! IT'S THE BEST THING THAT CAN HAPPEN! JUST SIT TIGHT, MISTER...!

HARDLY ARE THE WORDS OUT OF NICK FURY'S MOUTH, WHEN THE MADDENED, UNCONTROLLABLE HAMMER-HANDED ANDROIDS REGROUP AND CHARGE THE ELECTRIC BARRIER AGAIN... THIS TIME SHORT-CIRCUITING THE CURRENT WITH THEIR OWN BODIES...
ZZZIPTT!!
THE BARRIER'S SMASHED! THERE'S NOTHING BETWEEN THEM AND US NOW!

FOLLOW ME! THE LONGER WE WAIT, THE LESS CHANCE WE HAVE! WE GOT TO GET PAST 'EM NOW... WHILE THEY'RE STILL SHAKY! SO LIFT 'EM, YOU HEROES!

HEY, NICK ... AIN'T WE GOING THE WRONG WAY?? THE EXIT OUT OF THIS PLACE IS BEHIND US!!

CLAM UP, DUM DUM! WE AIN'T LEAVIN' UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOIN' ON DOWN HERE! AND WE'LL HAVE TO FIND IT OUT FOR OURSELVES...

...'CAUSE THEM TWO MASKED CREEPS AIN'T NEVER GOING TO DO ANY TALKING AGAIN!

LOOK, COLONEL! THE ANDROIDS HAVE REGROUPED!

BUT, NEVER YOU FEAR, SIR! WE SHALL BE TRUE TO OUR TRUST! WE SHALL BE RESOLUTE IN THE FACE OF DANGER ... UNSWERVABLE IN THE MIDST OF DISASTER ...

SITWELL!! I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME ...

SHADDUP!!

ALTHOUGH YOU MAY NOT AGREE, WE FEEL THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO TAKE A LITTLE BREATHER AND SEE WHAT'S TRANSPIRING AT THE SHIELD HELI-CARRIER! SINCE YOU'VE STUCK IT OUT THIS LONG, YOU MIGHT AS WELL JOIN US ...

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE NOT YET BEEN FULLY BRIEFED, I AM COUNT BORNAG ROYALE, AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINAIRE FOR A.I.M., ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS!

A.I.M. IS NOT A MERE BUSINESS ORGANIZATION ... NOT A POLITICAL UNION ... BUT RATHER A SOCIETY OF THE GREATEST INTELLECTS ON EARTH!!

OUR PURPOSE IS SIMPLE.. WE WISH TO BENEFIT MANKIND!

HEAR! HEAR!

NOW THAT ALL YOUR MOST LEARNED TECHNICAL EXPERTS ARE HERE ASSEMBLED, I SHALL PROCEED WITH MY DEMONSTRATION ...

IT IS A PITY THAT ANTHONY STARK CANNOT BE WITH US AT THIS TIME! HE IS ADMITTEDLY ONE OF THE GREATEST WEAPONRY DESIGNERS ALIVE TODAY!

BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, HIS UNORTHODOX METHODS HAVE LANDED HIM IN TROUBLE WITH THE GOVERNMENT,* WE'LL HAVE TO PROCEED WITHOUT HIM!

AS YOU CAN SEE, WE HAVE DESIGNED A SHIP WHICH WILL BE ABLE TO TAKE A MAN TO THE STARS THEMSELVES!

HARNESSING THE POWER OF OUR Q-BOMB, WHICH IS ATTACHED IN THE MANNER SHOWN, THERE IS NO DESTINATION WHICH THIS HIGHLY-SOPHISTICATED SPACE CRAFT CANNOT REACH!

* IF THAT DOESN'T MAKE YOU RACE TO PLACE AN ORDER FOR FANTASTIC, TO SEE WHAT'S COMING SHORTLY, WE GIVE UP!.. CROSS-REFERENCE BART

HOWEVER, SO LONG AS WE ARE CONSTANTLY HARRASED BY MEN SUCH AS YOUR COLONEL FURY... SO LONG AS WE MUST BE ANSWERABLE TO MEN WITH SUCH A LACK OF INTELLIGENCE... SUCH OVER-INFLATED EGOS ... WE CANNOT OFFER OUR CREATIONS TO SHIELD!

COUNT ROYALE.. ARE YOU SAYING THAT WE MUST GET RID OF NICK FURY BEFORE YOUR ORGANIZATION WILL CONSIDER DEALING WITH US?

I ALWAYS SAID THAT FURY LACKED THE POLISH, THE BACKGROUND, TO HEAD A VITAL, WORLD-WIDE FORCE LIKE SHIELD!

PERHAPS.. BUT FOR A MAN WHO LACKS SO MUCH, HE'S DONE A PRETTY GOOD JOB DESTROYING HYDRA ... NOT TO MENTION THE DRUIDS AND OTHER DEADLY MENACES!

GENTLEMEN, I CANNOT TELL YOU WHOM TO CHOOSE AS THE LEADER OF YOUR GREAT DEFENSIVE ORGANIZATION!

BUT, I FEEL IT IS MY DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT THE GREAT MINDS OF THIS WORLD.. THE MOST INTELLIGENT... THE MOST TALENTED GENIUSES ON EARTH ... WOULD MUCH PREFER TO DEAL WITH ANOTHER TYPE OF MAN ... ONE WHOM WE WOULD CONSIDER MORE OF AN EQUAL!

AND MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT... MANKIND NEEDS MEN SUCH AS THOSE WHO MAKE UP A.I.M.! THEY ARE NEEDED MORE TODAY THAN EVER BEFORE!

OKAY... NOW THAT WE'VE SETTLED THAT... NOW THAT NONE OF US CAN BE SURE WHAT COUNT BORNAG ROYALE IS REALLY UP TO... IT'S ACTION TIME AGAIN ...

IT'S LUCKY FOR US THAT THESE BLAMED ANDROIDS CAN'T THINK! STRONG AS THEY ARE, WE'D NEVER STOP THEM.

IF THOSE TWO JOKERS FROM THEM WERE GUIDING THEM, WE WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

EVEN SO, WE AREN'T GOING TO STOP THEM WITH SMALL ARMS FIRE ALONE!

BRAK

WE GOTTA PUT THEM TO SLEEP.. FAST! GET OUT YOUR GAS MASKS.. 'N START TOSSING MORPHEUS GRENADES AT THEM!!

HEY... HERE'S AN EASY WAY TO DO IT, KIDDO!

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING OF, DUM DUM!

MISTER DUM DUM TO YOU, JUNIOR!

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS TOSS THESE OVER-GROWN PING-PONG BALLS INTO THE AIR-VENT... AND THEN, BLOOIE.. INSTANT SLEEP!

WATCH YOURSELF, YOU BLAMED ROSY-CHEEKED JUVENILE!! YOU'RE GETTING IN MY WAY!

THAT'S ODD! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU'RE IN MY WAY!

OKAY HOT-SHOT. HERE! I'LL HOLD THE BLAMED GRATING WHILE YOU DROP THEM GRENADES INTO THE VENT. SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T MISS!

HEY! ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS DROP THEM THIS AIN'T THE GOL-DANGED WORLD SERIES!

NOW NOW, DUM DUM ... A LITTLE ENTHUSIASM NEVER HURT ANYONE

SAY YOU AIN'T HALF BAD! NOW LET'S SEE YOU TRY AN OUTSIDE CURVE!

THEN BY THE TIME JASPER SITWELL HAS COMPLETED HIS LITTLE PITCHING EXHIBITION ...

LOOKS LIKE THEY'LL KEEP UNTIL WE CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THEM!

A COUPLE OF YOU GUYS STAY BEHIND AND TIE EM UP. THE REST OF YOU COME WITH ME! WE'RE GOING TO SEE WHAT MAKES THIS JOINT TICK!

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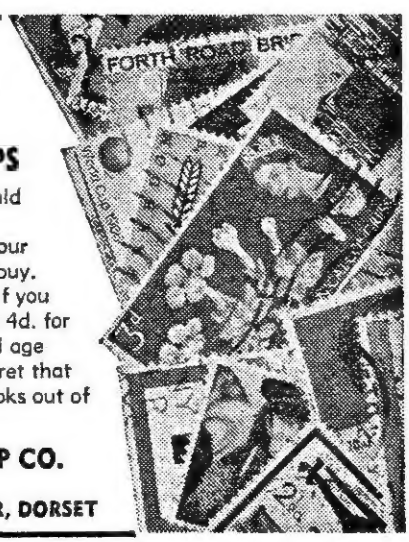
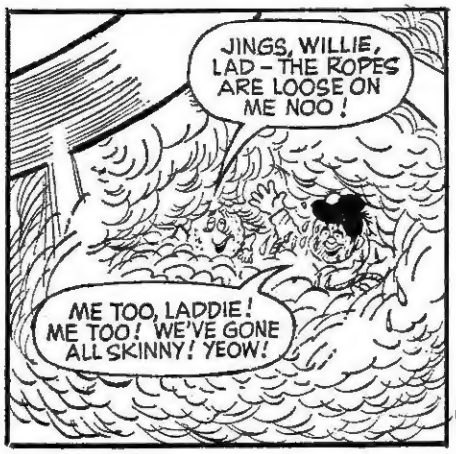
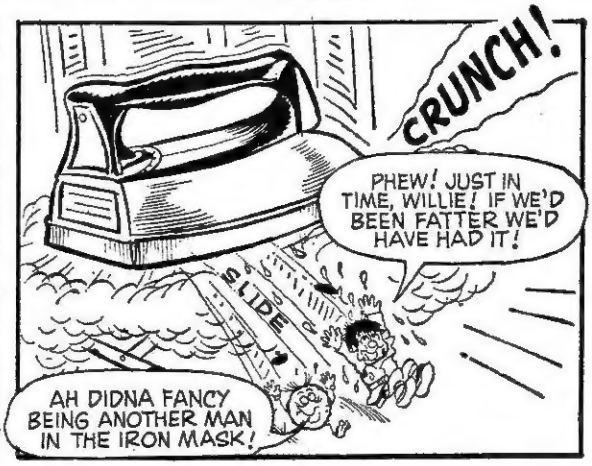
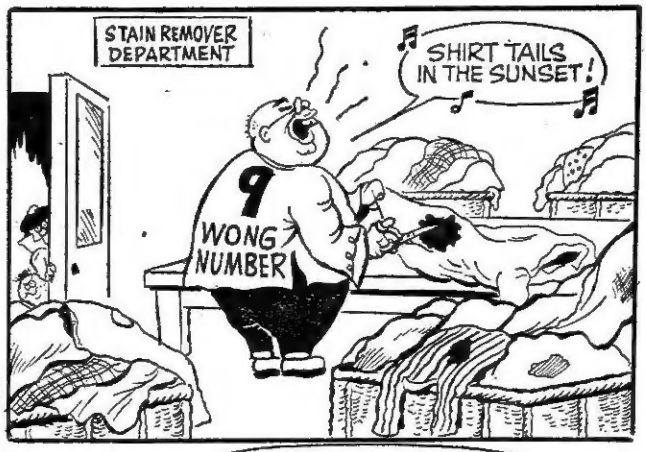


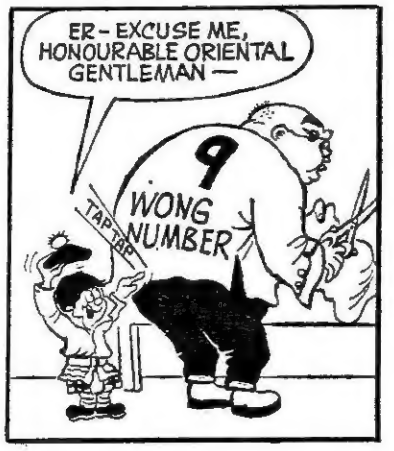
WEE WILLIE HAGGIS

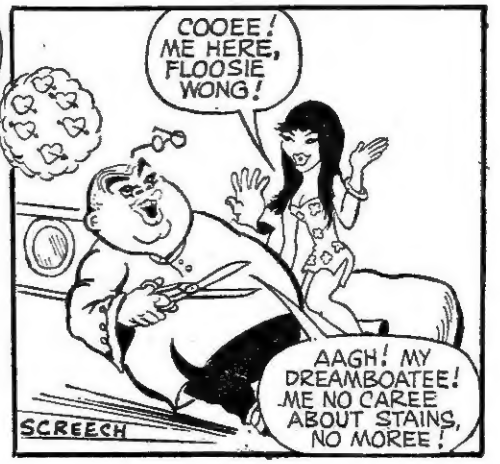
THE SPY FROM SKYE











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Dare-a-day-DAVY!

WIN A POUND! LESLEY SENT A P.C. WITH A DARE WRITTEN ON IT, TO "DARE-A-DAY-DAVY", POW, 64 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.—AND DAVY TOOK IT ON! YOU, TOO, MIGHT BE LUCKY, SO OUT WITH THE P.C.'s, AND HAVE A BASH!

YA-HOO!

FLICK

BOUNCE

FROM THE WILD AND WOOLLY SOUTH-WEST ¼ OF LONDON SPRINGS ONE OF THE DAFFIEST DARES YET ENCOUNTERED BY THE POW OFFICE.

—AND CATCHES DAVY'S "WILL-POWER" ON THE REBOUND!

HI-YA, KID! LESLEY SMITH SENT ME TO DARE YOU TO PUSH A TENNIS-BALL UP A STEEP HILL—

—ER—WITH YOUR NOSE!

HEE-EE-HEE!

SQUELCH

THAT'S "WILLIE"—THAT WAS!

ERK! NO! NO!

BUT THE FRANTIC SQUAWK BY DAVY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAST PICTURE WAS BURBLED BEFORE HIS "BAD-SELF" (DAVE HYDE) TOOK HIM UNDER HIS WICKED WING.

AND A FRACTION OF A SECOND LATER, AFTER PERSUASION LATER, WE FIND—

YES! YES!—

—I'LL DO IT! I AIN'T SHIRKED A DARE YET! EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER, I'VE HAD THE STRANGE, COMPELLING URGE TO PUSH A TENNIS-BALL UP HUMP HILL WITH MY NOSE!

GIBBER-GIBBER-GIBBER

MUTTER-MUTTER

IT'S A LOVELY LITTLE HILL, IS HUMPY!

AND SO DAVY SETS OUT, ON ALL-FOURS, ON HIS LIFE'S AMBITION.

HEH-HEH!—GIBBER! HUMP HILL'S ONLY A QUARTER OF A MILE LONG! A COUPLE OF DOZEN GOOD PUSHES, AND I'LL BE AT THE TOP!

JERK

JAB

TRUE ENOUGH, HUMP HILL, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONG ACRE, IS A QUARTER OF A MILE LONG—

—UP TO THE POINT WHERE IT JOINS A NEW SECTION OF THE MOTORWAY FROM LONG ACRE TO LANDS END—

GASP! PUFF! CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER!

—WHERE IT CONTINUES FOR ANOTHER 549½ MILES!

FOLKS! FIX YOUR EYES ON A SLOWLY-ROLLING BALL FOR TWELVE HOURS, AND YOU WILL DISCOVER THAT IT HAS THE SAME EFFECT AS A SWINGING WATCH OR PENDULUM.

YOU WILL BECOME HYPNOTISED, AS IS THE CASE WITH DAVY, TWENTY-SIX MILES OF MOTORWAY LATER—

JERK—HAZY

JAB

GASP! WHEEZE! PUFF-PUFF—PANT!

—SO THAT WHEN THE BALL ROLLS ON AHEAD OF HIM, HE DOESN'T REALISE IT, AND CONTINUES JERKING HIS HEAD IN A TRANCE—AND IN ALL PROBABILITY—

ENTRANCE TO COOKS COCKARIUM 300 YDS. AHEAD

(NEEDLESS JERKS)

—HE WOULD HAVE ARRIVED AT LANDS END SIX MONTHS LATER, BUT FOR A FIGHTING COCK FARM, 300 YARDS AHEAD.

STOP PRESS

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BIG-HEAD WHO HAS JUST PHONED IN TO BART, AND SNEERED, "THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A COCKARIUM,"—"A *COCKARIUM*, TWIT, IS A PLACE WHERE GAME COCKS ARE REARED FOR SHOW PURPOSES ONLY—AND NOW, GET LOST!!

NIPPING ON 300 YDS. AHEAD OF DAVY WE SEE A PRIZE SPECIMEN—"FLYING-FEATHERS-THE SECOND"—STRUTTING PROUDLY BY THE ROADSIDE.

CLUCK-UK-GLUR-RK!—CLUCK-GLUR-R-RK!

NOW, AS ALL STUDENTS OF THE SUBJECT ARE AWARE, IT IS A FACT THAT COCKS ARE UNABLE TO WALK WITHOUT JERKING THEIR HEAD IN A BACKWARDS-AND-FORWARDS MOTION—

JERK—JERK

—AND, THOUGH THEY APPEAR NOT TO BOTHER ABOUT IT, IT SECRETLY NIGGLES THEM.

—ESPECIALLY WHEN SOME WISE GUY COMES ALONG APPARENTLY-TAKING THE *MICK!*

HUH! A COMEDIAN!

JERK

JERK-JERK-

HOI! YOU GUYS BACK THERE IN THE COCKARIUM! WE GOT A FUNNY GUY!

CLURK CLUCK-CLUCK!

JERK

IT IS ALSO A KNOWN FACT THAT, IN *SOME* CASES, THE MIND OF A HYPNOTISED HALF-WIT CAN BECOME RECEPTIVE TO A BIRD'S THOUGHT-WAVES.

SO! YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY NOT BEING ABLE TO WALK WITHOUT JERKIN' YOUR HEAD ABOUT, DO YOU?

EH!! WASSAT? ERK! WHERE AM I?

ON THE ROAD TO SPIFFLICATION, PAL! THERE'S NO TURNING BACK!

NOTE:—THIS PICTURE, FOLKS, WAS ORIGINALLY DRAWN IN HORRIFIC DETAIL! OUR CURRENT CENSOR, HOWEVER, INSISTED THAT IT BE REDUCED, WHILE RUNNING UP THE WALL AND ACROSS THE CEILING IN A STRAIT-JACKET.

OKAY, LET HIM HAVE IT!

AGH!! ALF! BART! GUGGLE!

SCRATCH-CLAW

PECK

ELP!

PECK

R-RIP TEAR

PECK-PECK-PECK

CLAW-SCRATCH

PECK

STOP PRESS

LIKE THE ARTIST, THE *CENSOR* HAS SINCE SNUFFED-IT, IN A FIT OF MANIACAL LAUGHTER AND WE NEED A NEW ONE. *ANY OFFERS?*

EPILOGUE:—

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO-OO!

SNARL! HEAVY BREATHIN'

HISS!

SOMEWHERE, BETWEEN HERE AND LANDS END, THERE'S GOT TO BE AN OFF-SHOOT TO LONDON S.W.4! I'LL DRAG MESELF TO IT, SOMEHOW, AN' THEN—

HOP IT, LES!